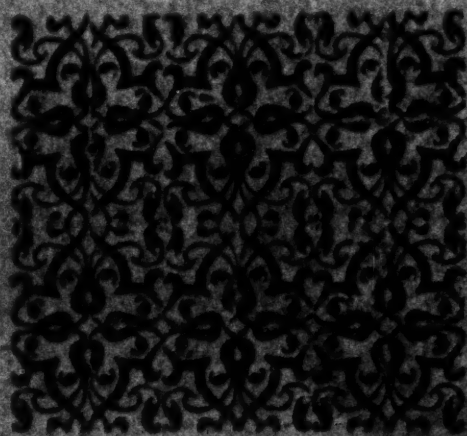


Mortimeriados.
THE LAMEN-
table ciuell warres of
Edward the second and the
Barrons.



AT LONDON,
Printed by I. R. for Mathew Lowman
and are to bee solde at his shop in S. Dunstons
Churchyard. 1596.

Printed by A. R. for Matthew Lowman
and are to be sold at his shop in St. Dunstons
Church-yard 1796



To the excellent and
most accomplish'd Ladie, *Lucie*
Countesse of Bedford.



Arrest of Ladies, all, of all I haue,
Anchor of my poore Tempest-beaten state,
Which giuest life, to that life Nature gaue,
And to thy selfe, doest onely consecrate:
My hopes true Goddesse, guider of my fate,
Vouchsafe to grace what here to light is brought,
Begot by thy sweet hand, borne of my thought.

And though I sing of this tumultuous rage,
Still paynting passions in these Tragedies,
Thy milder lookes, this furie can aswage,
Such is the vertue of thy sacred eyes,
Which doe contayne a thousand purities;
And lyke them selues, can make their obiekt such,
As doth Th'elixar all things it doth tuch.

Sweet fruite, sprong from that euer sacred tree,
That happie wombe from whom thou lyfe do'st take,
And with that lyfe, giues vertue vnto thee,
Thus made of her, her lyke of thee to make,
Shee lou'd for thee, thou honour'd for her sake,
And eithers good, from other so deriued,
Yet shee, nor thou, of any due deprived.

The *Harringtons*, whose house thy byrth hath blest,
Adding such honour to theyr familie,
And famous *Bedfords* greatnes still increast,
Rayfing the height of theyr Nobilitie,
That Earledomestytle more to dignifie?
That Vertue lyuely pictur'd forth in thee,
May truly be discern'd, what thee should be.

And Lawrell-crowned *Sidney*, Natures pride,
Whom heauen to earth, but onely shew'd this good,
Betwixt the world, and thee did then deuide,
His fame, and vertues, which both equall stood,
The world his fame, to thee of her owne blood
Hee gaue his vertues, that in his owne kind,
His neuer-matched worth might be enshrin'd.

That whilst they boast but of their sun-burnt brayns,
Which *Tramontans* long haue term'd vs so,
With all their *Po's*, their *Tyburns*, and their *Rheyn's*,
Greeuing to see how tidefull *Thames* shall flowe,
Our Groues which for the gracefull *Muses* growe:
Thy name shall be the glorie of the North,
The fayrest fruit that euer thee brought forth.

And in despite of tyranizing rimes,
This hope great Lady yet to thee is left,
Thy name shall lye in Steele-out-during rimes,
Still scorning ages sacrilegious theft,
What fame doth keepe, can neuer be bereft:
Nor can thy past-priz'd honour euer die,
If lynes can gyue thee immortalitie,

Leaving

Leaning vnto succeeding times to see,
How much thy sacred gyfts I did adore,
What power thy vertues euer had in mee,
And what thou wert compar'd with those before,
Which shall in age, thy youth againe restore:
And still shall ad more vigor to thy fame,
Then earthly honors, or a Countesse name.

Proclayming vnto ages yet to come,
Whilst *Bedford* lyu'd, what lyuing *Bedford* was,
Enclosing thee in this immortall roombe,
More durable then letter-grauen brasse,
To shewe what thy great power could bring to passe,
And other hopes I vtterly refuse,
And thou my hope, my Lady, and my Muse.

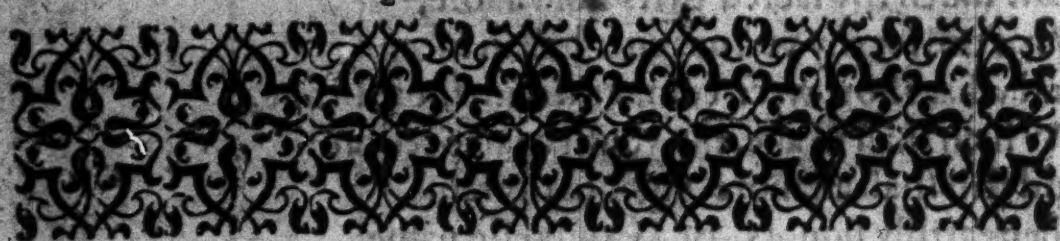


Your Honors euer
deuoted seruaunt

Michaell Drayton.

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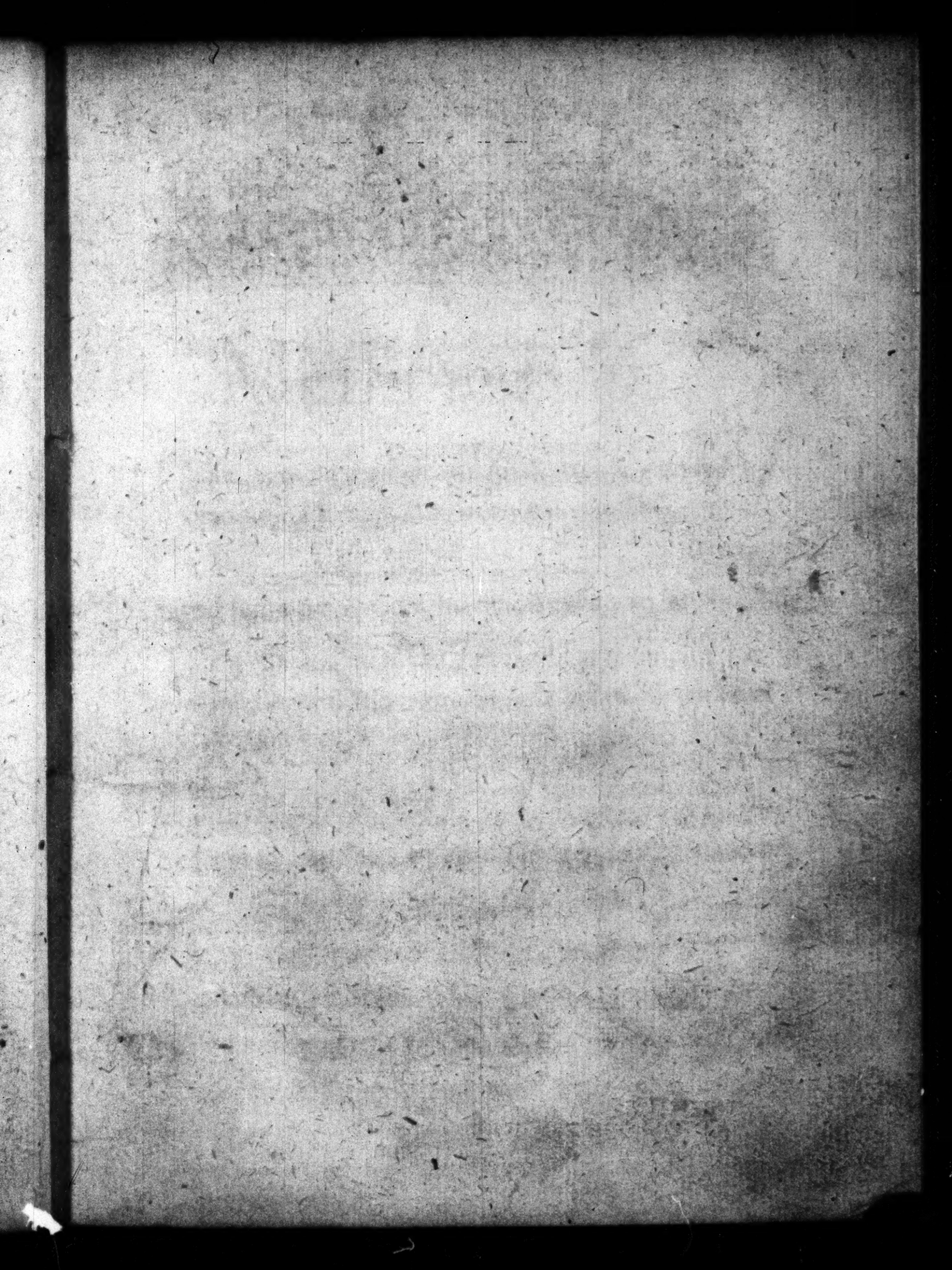
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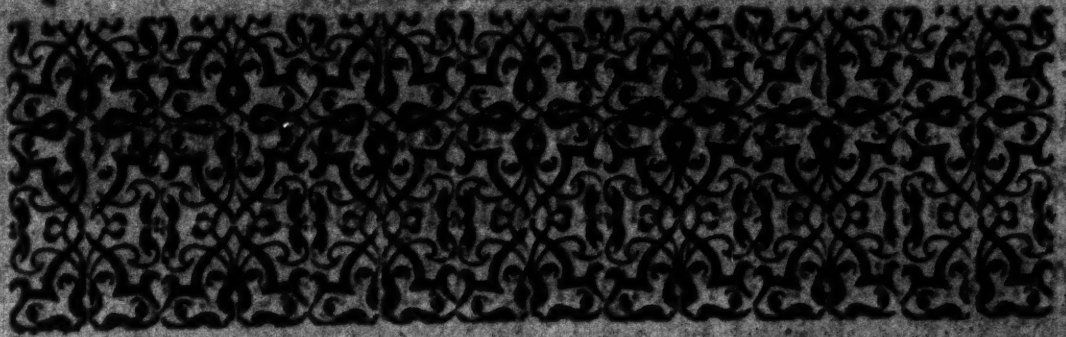


To the right Honorable Lady, *Lucie Countesse of Bedford.*

When God this wondrous Creature did create,
This ever-mouing body, this huge weight,
Whose head, whose lofty head high situate,
Is crown'd with starrs & constellations bright.
Hee causd the same one certaine way to moue,
Which moouing (some say) doth sweet tunes beget,
Another way the Sunne and Planets proue,
For they from thence moue where the sun doth set;
Yet he the Pole-star, *Cynosura* cleere,
Causd steddily to stand, though heauen did gyre,
For an example to mens actions heere:
Madam, you are the starre of his desire;
Whilst hee his thoughts heauen moues, & gracious bee,
And wonders in your Creature you shall see.

Your honors and eternities
Humble, *E. B.*





Mortimeriados.

THE lowring heauen had mask'd her in a clowde,
Dropping sad teares vpon the sullen earth,
Bemoaning in her melancholly shrowde,
The angry starres which raignd at *Edwards* birth,
VVith whose beginning ended all our mirth.

Edward the second, but the first of shame,
Scourge of the browne, eclipse of *Englands* fame.

VVhilst in our blood, ambition hotely boyles,
The Land bewailes her, like a wofull Mother,
On euery side besiegd with quill broyles,
Her dearest chyldren murdering one another,

Yet shee in silence forc'd her griefe to smother:
Groning with paine, in trauaile with her woes,
And in her torment, none to helpe her throwes.

B.

VVhat

Mortimeriados.

VVhat care would plor, discention strives to crosse,
VVhich like an earthquake rents the towering state;
Abroade in warres we suffer publique losse,
At home, betrayd with grudge and priuate hate,
Faction attending blood-shed and debate,
Confusion thus our Countries peace confounds,
No helpe at hand, and mortall be her wounds.

Thou Church which swelling in thy mightines,
Thou which should' st be this poore sick bodyes soule,
O nurse not factions which should' st sinne suppress,
And with thy members should' st all grieve console,
Perswade thy hart and not thy head controle,
Humble thy selfe, dispence not with the word,
Take *Peters* keyes, but cast aside his sword.

The ragefull fire which burnt *Carmentis* brest,
Blowne with revenge of *Gauflons* disgrace,
Awakes the Barrons from their nightly rest,
And maketh way to give the *Spanfers* plate,

VVhose friendship *Edward* onely doth embrace,
By whose hand he is fondly led,
To leave his home, and lose his iayful bed,
Thy

Mortimeriados

This Planet stir'd vp that tempestuous blast
By which our fortunes Anchorage was torne,
The storme where-with our spring was first defac'd,
VVhereby all hope vnto the ground was borne:

Hence came the griefe, the teares, the cause to mourne,
This bred the blemish which her beauty staine'd,
VVhose vgly scarr's, to after-times remain'd,

In all this heat his greatnes first began,
The serious subiect of my sadder vaine,
Great *Mortimer*, the wonder of a man,
VVhose fortunes heere my Muse must entertaine,

And from the graue his griefes must yet complaine,
To shew our vice nor vertues neuer die,
Though vnder ground a thousand yeeres we lie,

Thys gust first threw him on that blessed Coast
VVhich neuer age discouered before,
This luckie chance drew all King *Edward* lost,
This shypy track cast the prize vpon his shore,

And thys all-drowning Deluge gaue him more,
From hence the sunne of his good fortune shone,
The fatall step, to *Edward*'s fatall throne,

Mortimeriados.

Roger Mortimer the
uncle, and
Roger Mortimer the
nephew.

That vnckle now, whose name this Nephew bare,
The onely comfort of the wofull Queene,
And from his cradle held him in his care,
And still the hope of all his house had beene,
VVhilst yet this deep hart-goring wound is greene,
On this well-seene aduantage wisely wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

He saw his inclination from his birth,
A mighty spirit, a minde which did aspire,
Not of the drossy substance of the earth,
But of the purest element of fire,
VVhich sympathizing with his owne desire,
Name, nature, feature, all did so agree,
That still in him, himselfe he still might see.

The temper of his nobler moouing part,
Had that true rutch which purified his blood,
Infusing thoughts of honor in his hart,
VVhose flaggie feathers were not soyl'd in mud,
The edge he bare declar'd the metall good,
The towring pitch wherein he flew for fame,
Declar'd the ayrie whence the Eagle came.

VVorthy

Mortimeriados.

VVorthy the Grand-chyld of so great a fier, *vvould vvill*
 Braue *Mortimer* who liu'd whilst *Long-shanks* reign'd, *vill*
 Our second *Arthur*, whom all times admire, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 At *Kenelworth* the Table round ordain'd, *vill vvill vvill vvill*

Roger Mortimer his Grand-father, who kept the round table at Kenelworth.

And therein Armies, a hundreth Knights maintaind;
 A hundreth gallant Ladies in his Court, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 VVhose stately presence royaliz'd this sport, *vill vvill vvill vvill*

And whilst this poore vvife-widdowed Queene alone, *vill*
 In thys dispayring passion pides away, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 Beyond all hope, to all but heauen vnkowne, *vill vvill vvill*
 A little sparke which yet in secrete lay, *vill vvill vvill vvill*

Breakes forth in flame, and turnes her night to day,
 The wofull winter of her sorrowes cheering, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 Euen as the world at the faire Sunnes appearing, *vill vvill vvill*

Yet still perplexed in these hard extreames,
 All meanes deprest which might her faith prefer, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 Blacke foggs oppos'd in those cleere-shining beames, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 VVhich else might lend their friendly light to her, *vill vvill vvill vvill*

This in her looks direfull reuenge doth sit: *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 VVhich strange eclipse plac'd in this irefull signe, *vill vvill vvill vvill*
 Our Countries plague and ruine might diuine, *vill vvill vvill vvill*

vill vvill vvill vvill B 3 *vill vvill vvill vvill*

Mortimeriados.

Her snowy curled brow makes anger smile,

Her laughing frowne giues beauty better grace,

Blushing disdaine, disdaine doth quite exile,

Sweet loue and silence wrestling in her face,

Two capering *Cupids* in her eyes do chase;

Her veynes like tydes oft swelling with delight,

Making Vermilion faire, vvhite more then vvhit.

Her beauty flourish'd whilst her fauours fade,

Her hopes growne old, but her desires be yong,

Her power wants power her passion to perswade,

Her sexe is weake, her will is ouer-strong,

Patience pleades pity, but reuenge her wrong;

VVhat reason vrgeth, rage doth still denie,

VVith arguments of vvrathefull icalousie.

Pale Icalousie, child of insatiate loue,

Of hart-sick thoughts with melancholie bred,

A hell tormenting feare no faith can moue,

By discontent with deadly poyson fed,

VVith heedlesse youth and error vainely led,

A mortall plague, a verue-drowning flood,

A hellish fire, not quenched but with blood.

The

Mortimeriados.

The hate-swolne Lords with furie set on fire,
VVhom *Edwards* wrongs to vengeance doe prouoke;
VVith *Lancaster* and *Herford* now conspire,
No more to beare the *Spencers* seruile yoke,
The bonds of their alegiance they haue broke:
Resolu'd with blood theyr libertie to buy,
To liue with honor, or with fame to dye.

Amid thys faction *Mortimer* doth enter,
The gastly Prologue to thys tragick act:
His youth and courage boldly bids him venter,
And tells him still how strongly he was backt:
Syon perswades howe *Illion* might be sackt,
The people still applauding in his eares,
The fame and credite of the *Mortimers*.

Thys vapor-kindled *Commet* drew her eyes,
VVhich now began his streamie flagge to reare;
This beauty-blushing orient of his rise,
Her cloudy frownes doth with his brightnes cleare:
The ioyfull sight that euer did appoynt
The messenger of light, her happy starre;
VVhich told her how the dawning was not farr.

Mortimeriados.

As after pale-fac'd Night, the Morning fayre
The burning Lampe of heauen doth once erect,
VVith her sweet Crimson sanguining the ayre,
On euery side with streakie dappl's fleckt,
The circled rooſe in white and Azure deckt,
Such colour to her cheekes theſe newes do bring,
VVhich in her face doth make a ſecond ſpring.

Yet trembling at the *Spencers* Lordly power,
Their wrongs, oppreſſion, and controlling pride,
Th'vnconſtant Barons, watering euery houre,
The fierce encounter of this raging tyde,
No ſtratagem yet ſtrongly policied,
Shee from ſuſpition ſeemingly reuers,
Careleſſe in ſhew of what ſhe moſt deſires,

Grounded aduice, in danger ſeldom trips,
The deadlieſt poyſon, ſhall can ſafely drinke,
Fore-ſight ſtands ſaſt, where giddy raſhneſſe ſlips,
VViſdome ſeemes blinde, when eyed as a hinde,

Preuention ſpeaker h' all but what he thinks,
The deadlieſt hate, with ſmyles ſecurely ſtands,
Reuenge, in teares doth eue with his hands,

Loc,

Mortimeriados.

Loe for her safetie this shee must descemble,

A benefite which women haue by kind,

The neereft colour finely to reſemble,

Suppreſſing thus the greatnes of her mind,

Now is ſhee ſhrowded cloſely vnder wind,

And at her prayers (poore ſoule) ſhee plainly ment,

A ſilly Queene, a harmeleſſe innocent,

The leaſt ſuſpition cunningly to heale,

Still in her lookes humilitie ſhee beares,

VVith patience ſhe with mightines muſt deale,

So policie religions habite weares,

He's mad which takes a Lyon by the eares.

This knew the Queene, and this well know the wiſe,

This muſt they learne, which toyle in Monarchies.

Torlton the learnedſt Prelate in the Land,

Vpon a text of politicke to preach,

Car'd not on *Pauls* precifer poynts to ſtand,

Poore Moralls to beleeuing men to teach,

For he at Kingdomes had a further reach:

This learned Tutor, *Iſabell* had taught,

In nicer poynts then euer *Edward* ſought.

Adam Torl-
ton Biſhop of
Hereford, a
mighty po-
litician.

C.

Now

Mortimeriados.

Now in meane time, the smothered flame brake forth,
The *Mortimers* march from the vvesterne playne,
The Lords in armes at *Powfret* in the North,
The King from *London*, comes with might and mayne,
Their factious followers in the streetes are flayne.
No other thing is to be hop'd vpon,
But horrour, death, and desolation.

Like as *Sabrina* from the Ocean flankes,
Comes sweeping in along the tawny sands,
And with her billowes tilting on the bancks,
Rowles in her flood vpon the westerne strands,
Stretching her warrie armes along the lands,
VVith such great furie doe these legions ryse,
Filling the shores with lamentable cryes.

Thus of three hands, they all set vp theyr rest,
And at the stake their liues they franckly lay,
Hee's like to winne who cuts his dealing best,
And for a Kingdome at the least they play,
The fayr st in show must carrie all away,
And though the King himselfe in sequence came,
He sawe the Queene lay right to make his game.

But

Mortimeriados.

But Fortune masking in this straunge disguise,
Whose prodigic, whose monster he was borne,
Now in his lyfe her power, t'anotomize,
Ordayning him her darling and her scorne,
His Tragedie her triumph to adorne.

Shee straight begins to bandy him about,
At thousand ods before the set goes out.

As when we see the spring-begetting Sunne,
In heauens black night-gowne couered from our sight,
And when he yet, but fewe degrees hath runne,
Some fennie fogge damps vp his glad some light,
That at his noon-sted he may shine more bright.

His cheerefull morning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his day more sayre, more glorious.

Edward whom daunger warnd to dread the worst,
Vnto the hart with poysoned ranckor stung,
Now for his crowne must scuffle if he durst,
Or else his scepter in the dust were flung,

To stop the head from which these mischiefes sprung.
First with the *Marchers* thinks it fit to cope,
On whom he knew lay all the Barrons hope.

Mortimeriados.

Like to a vvhirle-wind comes this irefull King,
Vvhose presence soone the *Welchmens* power had staide,
The *Cornish* yet theyr forces sayd to bring,
And *Lancaster* too slacke forflow'd theyr ayd,

Faynt-harted friends, their succours long delayd.
Depriu'd of meanes, forlorne of farther good,
And wanting strength to stem so great a flood.

They vvho perceiu'd, their trust was thus betrayd,
Their long expected purpose thus to quayle,
How mischiefe still vpon their fortune playd,
That they perforce their high-borne top must vayle,

This storme still blew so stiffly on their sayle.
Of *Edwards* mercy now the depth must sound,
Vvhere yet their Ankor might take hold on ground.

This tooke the King in presage of his good,
Vvho this euent to his successe apply'd,
Vvwhich could the furie of his boyling blood,
Before their force in armes he yet had try'd,

His sterne approach this easely molified:
That on submission he dismist theyr power,
And sends them both as prisoners to the Tower.

Not

Mortimeriados.

Not cowardize but wisedome warnes to yield,
VVhen Fortune aydes the proud insulting foe,
Before dishonour euer blot the field;

VVhere by aduantage hopes agayne may growe,

VVhen as too weake to beare so great a blowe:

That whilst his pittie pardons them to liue,

To his owne wrongs he full reuenge might giue.

LOe now my Muse must sing of dreadfull Armies,
And taske her selfe to tell of ciuill vvarres,

Of Ambuscados, stratagemes, alarmes,

Of murther, slaughter, monstrous Massacres,

Of blood, of wounds, of neuer-healed scarres,

Of battailes fought by brother against brother,

The Sonne and Father one against the other.

O thou great Lady, Mistris of my Muse,

Renowned *Lucie*, vertues truest friend,

VVhich doest a spyrit into my spyrit infuse,

And from thy beames the light I haue dost lend,

Into my verse thy lyuing power extend.

O breathe new lyfe to write this Tragicke storie,

Assist me now braue *Bedford* for thy glorie.

Mortimeriados.

VVhilst in the Tower the *Mortimers* are mew'd,
 The Barrons drew their forces to a head,
 VVhom *Edward* (spurd with vengeance) still pursu'd
 By *Lancaster* and famous *Herford* led,
 Toward eithers force, forth-with both Armies sped.

Burton vpon Trent. At *Burton* both in camping for the day,
 VVhere they must trye who beares the spurres away.

Needwood. Vpon the East from bushie *Needwoods* side,
 There riseth vp an easie clyming hill;
 At whose fayre foote the siluer *Trent* doth slide,
 And all the shores with rattling murmure fill,
 VVhose tumbling waues the flowrie Meadows fill,
 Vpon whose streame a Bridge of wondrous strength
 Doth stretch her selfe, neere fortie Arches length.

Vpon this mount the King his Tents hath fixt,
 And in the Towne the Barrons lye in sight,
 This famous Ryuer risen so betwixt,
 VVhose furie yet prolong'd this deadly fight,

The passage stopp'd, not to be wonne by might,
 Things which preface both good and ill there bee,
 VVhich heanen fore-shewes, yet will not let vs see.

The

Mortimeriados.

The raging flood hath drown'd vp all her foards,
Sok'd in excesse of cloud-congealed teares,
And steepes the bancks within her watric hoards,
Supping the whir-pooles from the quaggie mears,
Now doth shee washe her tressed rushie hayrs.

Swolne with the dropie in her griued woombe,
That this her channell must become a Toombe,

O warlike Nation hold thy conquering hand,
Euen sencelesse things doe warne thee yet to pawse,
Thy Mother soyle on whom thy feete doe stand,
O then infrindge not Natures sacred lawes,

Still runne not headlong into mischiefes iawes:
Yet stay thy foote in murders vgly gate,
Ill comes too soone, repentance oft too late.

And can the cloudes weepe ouer thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughtie eyes?
Seest thou the snare yet wilt not shunne the way,
Nor yet be warn'd, by passed miseries?

O ere too late, yet learne once to be wise,
A mischiefe scene, may easely be prevented,
But beeing hap'd, not help'd, yet still lamented,

Behold

Mortimeriados.

Behold the Eagles, Lyons, Talbott, Bears,
The Badges of your famous ancestries,
And shall they now by their inglorious heys:
Be thus displayd against their families?

Reliques vnworthie of their progenies.
Those Beastes you beare doe in their kinds agree
And then those Beasts more sauage will you bee?

Cannot the *Scot* of your late slaughter boast?
And are you yet scarce healed of the sore?
Is't not inough you haue already lost,
But your owne madnes now must make it more?

Your VVives and Children pittied you before.
But when your Own blood, your own swords imbrue,
VVho pitties them, which once haue pittied you?

VVhat, shall the Sister weepe her Brothers death,
VVho sent her Husband to his timelesse graue?
The Nephewe moane his Vnckles losse of breath,
VVhich did his Father of his life deprave?

VVho shall haue mind your memories to saue?
Or shall he buriell to his friend afford,
VVho lately put his Sonne vnto the sword?

Behold

But

Mortimeriados.

But whilst the King, and Lords in counsell sit,
Yet in conclusion variably doe hotter,
See how misfortune still her time can fit:
Such as were sent the Country to discover,
Haue found a way to land their forces ouer.
Ill newes hath wings, and with the winde doth goe,
Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer flow.

And *Edward* fearing *Lancasters* supplyes,
Great *Surry*, *Richmond*, and his *Pembrooke* sent,
On whose successe his chiefest hope relyes,
Vnder whose conduct halfe his Armie went,
And he himselfe, and *Edmond* Earle of *Kent*,
Vpon the hill in sight of *Burton* lay,
VVatching to take aduantage of the day.

Stay *Surry* stay, thou maist too soone begon;
Stay till this rage be some-what ouer-past,
VVhy runn'st thou thus to thy destruction?
Pembrooke and *Richmond*, whether doe you hast?
Neuer seeke sorrow, for it comes too fast.

VVhy strue you thus to passe this fatall flood,
To fetch new wounds, and shed your dearest blood?

The

D.

Great

Mortimeriados.

Great *Lancaster*, sheath vp thy conquering sword,
On *Edwards* Armes, whose edge thou should'st not whet,
Thy naturall Nephew, and thy soueraigne Lord,
Both one, one blood, and both *Plantaginet*.

Canst thou thy oth to *Longshanks* thus forget?
Yet call to minde, before all other things,
Our vowes must be perform'd to Gods and Kings.

Knowe, noble Lord, it better is to end,
Then to proceed in things rashly begun:

VVhich oft ill counseld worser doe offend,
Speech hath obtaind, where weapons haue not won;

By good perswasion what cannot be done?
And when all other hopes and helps be past,
Then fall to Armes, but let that be the last.

The winds are hysht, no little breth doth blow,

The calmed ayre as all amazed flood,

The earth with roing trembleth below,

The Sunne besmeard his glorious face in blood,

The fearfull Heards bellowing as they were wood.

The Drums and Trumpets giue a signall sound,

VVith such a noyse as they had torne the ground.

The

Mortimeriados.

The Earles now charging with three hundred horse,
The Kings vanguard assay the Bridge to win,
Forcing the Barrons to deuide their force,
T'auoyde the present danger they were in.

Neuer till now the horror doth begin;
That if th'elements our succour had not sought,
All had that day beene to confusion brought.

Now frō the hill the Kings maine power comes downe,
VVhich had *Aquarius* to their valiant guide,
Braue *Lancaster* and *Herford* from the towne,
Doe issue forth vpon the other side:

*Aquary a
notable sou-
dier.*

The one assailes, the other munified.
Englands Red crosse vpon both sides doth flye,
Saint *George* the King, Saint *George* the Barrons cry.

Euen as a bustling tempests rousing blasts,
Vpon a Forrest of old-branched Oakes,
Downe vpon heapes their climbing bodies casts,
And with his furie teyr their mossy loaks,

The neighbour groues resounding with the strokes,
VVith such a clamor and confused woe,
To get the Bridge these desperate Armies goe.

Mortimeriados.

Now must our famous and victorious bowes,
VVith which our Nation Kingdoms did subdue,
First send their darting arrowes against those
VVhose sinewed armes against their foes them drew.

These winged weapons, mourning as they flew,
Cleaue to the strings, with very terror slack,
As to the Archers they would faine turne back.

The battered Caskes, with Battel-Axes strokes,
Besnow the soyle with drifts of scattered plumes,
The trampling presse stirre vp such duskie smokes,
VVhich choke the ayre with reekie smothering fumes,

VVhich rising vp, into a clowde consumes,
As though the heauen had muffled her in black,
Lothing to see this lamentable sack.

Behold the remnant of *Troyes* famous stocke,
Laying on blowes as Smithes on Anuiles strike,
Grappling together in this fearfull shock,
The like presse forth, t^e encounter with the like,

And then reculing to the push of pyke:
Yet not a foote doth eyther giue to eyther,
Now one the ods, then both alike, then neither.

Euen

Mortimeriados.

Euen as you see a field of standing Corne,
VVhen in faire June some easie gale doth blow,
How vp and downe the spyring eares are borne,
And with the blasts like Billowes come and goe,
As golden streamers waving to and fro,
Thus on the suddaine runne they on a maine,
Then straight by force are driuen backe againe.

Heer lyes a heap, halfe slaine, halfe chok'd, halfe drownd,
Gasping for breth amongst the slymie seggs,
And there a sort falne in a deadly swound,
Scrawling in blood vpon the muddy dreggs;
Heere in the streame, swim bowels, armes and leggs.
One kills his foe, his braine another cuts,
Ones feet intangled in anothers guts.

One his owne hands in his owne blood defiles,
Another from the Bridges height doth fall,
Some dash'd to death vpon the stony pyles,
Some in theyr gore vpon the pavement sprall,
The carkasses lye heaped like a wall:
Such hideous shrieks the bedlam Souldiers breath,
As though the Spirits had howled from beneath.

Mortimeriados.

The mangled bodies diving in the streame,
Now vp, now downe, like numbling Porpoise swim,
The water couer'd with a bloody creame,
To the beholder horrible and grim:

Heere lies a head, and there doth lye a lym,
VVhich in the sands the swelling waters fouse,
That all the shores seeme like a slaughter-house.

It seem'd the very wounds for griefe did weepe,
To feele the remper of the slicing blade,
The sencelesse Steele in blood it selfe did sleepe,
To see the wounds his sharpe-ground edge had made,

VVhilst kinsman, kinsman, friend, doth friend invade,
Such is the horror of these euill broyles,
VVhen with our blood, we fat our native soyles.

This faction still defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of *Woodstock*, famous Earle of Kent,
Charging the foe againe renews the fight,
Vpon the Bartrons forces almost spent,

VVho now againe supplying succours sent,
And now a second conflict both begin,
The English Lords like Tygars flying in,

Like

Mortimeriados.

Like as an exhalation hote and dry,
Amongst the ayre-bred moystie vapors throwne,
Spetteth his lightning forth outragiously,
Renting the thick clowdes with a thunder-stone,
As though the huge all-covering heaven did grone,
Such is the garboyle of this conflict then,
Braue Englishmen, encountring Englishmen.

Euen as proude *Pyrhus* entering *Illion*,
Couragious *Talbot* with his shield him bare,
Clifford and *Moubray*, seconding anon,
Audley and *Gifford* thrunging for their share,
Elmbridge and *Balsmer* in the thickest are:
Pell-mell together flies this furious power,
Like to the falling of some mighty Tower.

Mountfort and *Tre*, your worths faine would I speake,
But that your valure can but ill deserue,
Braue *Dennile*, heere I from thy prayse must breake,
And from thy prayse *Wyllington* must swarue,
Great *Damery*, heere must thy glory starue,
Concealing many, most deseruing blame,
Because their acts doe quench my sacred flame.

Mortimeriados.

O that those Armes in conquests had been borne,
And that that battered fame-engrauen shield,
Should in those ciuill massacres be torne
VVhich bare the marks of many a bloody field:

O that our armes had power their Armes to weeld,
That since that time, the stones for very dread,
Against foule stormes could teary moisture sheeld.

O had you shap'd your valures first by them,
VVho summon'd *Akon* with an English drum,
Or marched on to faire *Jerusalem*,
T'inlarge the bounds of famous Christendome,

Or with Christs warriors slept about his tombe,
Then ages had immortaliz'd your fame,
VVhere now my song can be but of your shame,

Death following on, feard euen in their eyes,
Griued with wounds, the conquered Barrons fled,
And now the King enrich'd with victories,
Hath in the field his glorious Ensignes spread,

This in his thoughts againe fresh courage bred,
And somewhat drawes th'vneconstant peoples harts,
VVho equal pay'd, yet why'd so neither parts.
O
And

Mortimeriados.

And wanting ground, they vnresolved are,
King *Edwards* friends, agaynst the rebels cry,
The Barrons plead their Countries onely care,
Exclayming on the Princes tyrannie,

Hee vrg'd obedience, they their libertie,
Both vnder colour, carefull of the state,
Hee right, and they their wrongs expostulate.

Some fewe them selues in Sanctuaries hide,
In mercie of the priuiledged place,
Yet are their bodyes so vnsanctified,
As scarce their soules can euer hope for grace;

A poore dead lyfe, this draweth out a space,
Hate stands without, and horror sits within,
Prolonging shame, yet pardoning not their sinne.

At fatall *Pomfret* gathering head at length,
VVhen they of all extremities had tasted,
VVhere yet before they could recouer strength;
King *Edward* followeth whilst his fortune lasted,

Vnto whose ayde the Earle of *Carlisle* hasteth,
VVith troupes of bow-men and ranck-riding bandes;
Of *Vestmer*, *Cumber*, and *Northumberland*.

Heere

E.

Mad

Mortimeriados

Mortimeriados.

Mad and amaz'd, nor knowing what to doe,
Surpriz'd by this late mischievous euent,
Seeing at hand their viter ouerthrowe,
And in despite how crossely all things went,

Fortune her selfe to their destruction bent;
In all disorder head-long on they runne,
To end with blood, what was with blood begunne

Lyke as a heard of silly hartlesse Deare,
VVhom hote-spurd Huntsmen fiercely doe pursue,
In brakes and bushes falling heere and there,
Yet when no way the hounds they can eschew,

Now flying back from whence of late they flow,
Hem'd on each side with hornes rechating blast,
Head-long themselves into the toyles doe cast.

To *Borough* bridge by fate appoynted thus,
VVhere lyke false *Raynard*, faller *Herckley* lay,
Bridges to Barons euer ominous,
There to renewe this latest deadly fray,

O heere begins the blackest dismal day,
The birth of horror, hower of wrath that yet,
The very soyle seemes to remember it.

Heere

Mortimeriados.

Heere is not Death contented with the dead,
Nor vengeance is with vengeance satisfied,
Blood-shed by blood-shed still is nourished,
And mischief means no more her store to hide,

Strange sorts of torments heauen doth now prouide,
That dead men should in miserie remayne,
And in lyuing death should dye with payne.

Thus rules the world, a world why saue I so,
VVorst is the world, yet worser must I name it,
Nights vgli'st night, hells bitter'st hell of woe,
So ill as flander neuer can defame it,
That shame her selfe is sham'd, seeking to shame it,
Could enuie speake, what enuie can expresse,
In saying most, that most should make it lesse.

Heere noble *Herford*, *Bohun* breathes his last,
Crowne of true Knight-hood, flower of Chivalrie,
But *Lancaster* their torment liues to tast,
VVho perrish now with endlesse obloquie,

O vanquisht conquest, loosing victorie,
That where the sword for pittie leaues to spill,
There extreame iustice should begin to kill,

*Bohun slain
at Borogh.*

Mortimeriados.

*Thomas the
great Earle
of Lancaster.*

O subiect for some tragick Muse to sing,
Of five great Earledomes at one time posselt,
Sonne, Vnckle, Brother, Grandchild to a King,
VVith fauours, friends, and earthly honours blest,
But see on earth, heere is no place of rest.
These Fortunes gyfts, and she to shew her power,
Takes lyfe, and these, and all within an hower.

The wretched Mother tearing of her hayre,
Bewayles the time this fatall warre begunne,
Lyke graue-borne gosts, amaz'd and mad with feare,
To view the quartered carkasse of her Sonne,
VVith hideous shrieks through streetes & wayes doth
And seeing none to help, none heare her crye,
Some drownd, some stabd, some starud, some strangled die.

Lyke gasty death the aged Father stands,
VVeeeping his Sonne, bemoaning of his vvife,
Shee murdered by her owne blood-guilty hands,
Hee slaughtered by the executioners knife,

Sadly sits downe to ende his hatefull life;
Banning the earth, and cursing at the ayre,
Vpon his poyntard falleth in dispayre.

The

Mortimeriados.

The wofull widdowe for her Lord distressed,
Whose breathlesse body cold death doth benum,
Her little Infant leaning on her breast,
Rings in her eares, when will my Father come?

Doth wish that she were deafe, or it were dombel,
Clipping each other, weeping both together,
Shee for her Lord, the poore babe for his Father.

The ayre is poysoned with the dampie stinck,
Which most contagious pestilence doth breed,
The glutted earth her fill of gore doth drinck,
Which from vnburied bodies doth proceede,

Rauens and dogs on dead men onely feede;
In euery Coast thus doe our eyes behold,
Our sinnes by iudgement of the heauens controld.

Lyke as a Wolfe returning from the foyle,
Hauing full stufte his flesh-engorged panch,
Tumbles him downe to wallowe in the foyle,
With cooling breath his boyling mawe to stanch,

Scarce able now to moone his lustlesse hanch,
Thus after slaughter *Edward* breathlesse stood,
As though his sword had surfeted with blood.

Mortimeriados.

Heere endeth life, yet heere death cannot end,
And heere begins, what *Edwards* woes begun,
Nor his pretence, falls as he doth pretend,
Nor hath he wone, what he by battell wone,
All is not done, though almost all vndone,
VVhilst power hath raignd, still policie did lurke,
Seldome doth mallice want a meane to worke.

The King now by the conquering Lords consent,
VWho by this happie victorie grew strong,
Summons at *Yorke* a present Parliament,
To plant his right, and helpe the *Spensers* wrong,
From whence agayne his millions greathes sprung,
VWhose counsell still, in all their actions crost,
Th'inraged Queene whom all misfortunes tost.

But miseries which seldome come alone,
Thicke in the necks one of another fell,
Meane while the *Scots* heere make inuasion,
And *Charles* of *France* doth thence our powers expell,
The grieved Commons more and more rebell.

Mischiefe on mischiefe, curse doth followe curse,
Plague after plague, and worse ensueib worse,
For

Mortimeriados.

For *Mortimer* this wind yet rightly blewe,
Darckning their eyes which else perhaps might see,
VVhilst *Isabell* who all aduantage knewe,
Is closely plotting his deliuerie,
Now fitly drawne by *Torlons* policies,
Thus by a Queene, a Bishop, and a Knight,
To check a King, in spight of all dispight.

A drowfie potion shee by skill hath made,
VVhose secret working had such wonderous power,
As could the sence with heauie sleepe invade,
And mortifie the patient in one hower,
As though pale death the body did deuour,
Nor for two dayes might opened be his eyes,
By all meanes Arte or Phisicke could deuise.

Thus sits this great Enchauntresse in her Cell,
Inuironed with spyrick-commanding charmes,
Her body censed with most sacred smell,
VVith holy fiers her liquors now shee warmes;

Then her with forcing instruments shee armes,
And from her hearbs the powerfull iuyce shee wrings,
To make the poyson forcible and strong.

Reason

Mortimerjados.

Reason might iudge, doubts better might aduise,
And as a woman, feare her hand haue stayd,
VVaying the strangenesse of the interprize,
The daunger well might haue her sex dismayd,
Fortune, distrust, suspect, to be betrayd,
But when they leaue of vertue to esteeme,
They greatly erre which thinke them as they seeme.

Their plighted fayth, when as they list they leaue,
Their loue is cold, their lust, hote, hore their hate,
VVith smiles and teares these Serpents doe deceaue,
In their desires they be insatiate,
Their will no bound, and their reuenge no date.

All feare exempt, where they at ruine ayme,
Couering their sinne with their discouered shames.

Medea pittifull in tender yeares,
Vntill with *Iason* she would take her flight,
Then mercilesse her Brothers lymmes she reares,
Betrayes her Father, flies away by night,
Nor Nations, Seas, nor daungers could affright,
VWho dyed with heate, nor could abide the wind,
Now like a Tiger falls vnto her kind.

Now

Mortimeriados.

Now waits the Queene fitt'time, as might behoue,

Their ghostly Father for their speed must pray,

Their seruants seale these secrets vp with loue,

Their friends must be the meane, the guide, the way,

And he resolute on whom the burthen lay,

This is the summe, the all, if this neglected,

Neuer againe were meane to be expected.

Thus, while hee liu'd a prysoner in the Towre,

The Keepers oft with feasts he entertaind,

VVhich as a stale, serues fitly at this howre,

The tempting bayte wher-with his hookes were traird,

A stately banquet now he had ordaind,

And after cates when they their thirst should quench,

He sawc'd their wine with thys approoued drench.

And thus become the keeper of the kayes,

In Steele-bound locks he safely lodg'd the Guard:

Then lurking forth by the most secret wayes,

Not now to learne his compasse by the Card,

VVith corded ladders which hee had prepard,

Now vp these proude aspyring walls doth goe,

VVhich seeme to scorne they should be mastred so.

F.

They

Mortimeriados.

They soundly sleepe, now must his wits awake,

A second *Theseus* through a hells extreames,

The sonne of *Ioue*, new toyles must vndertake,

Of walls, of gates, of watches, woods, and streames,

And let them tell King *Edward* of their dreames:

For ere they wak'd out of this brainfick traunce,

He hopes to tell thys noble iest in *France*.

The sullen night in mistie rugge is wrapp'd,

Powring the day had tarried vp so long,

The Euening in her darksome dungion clapp'd,

And in that place the swarty clowdes were hong.

Downe from the VVest the half-fac'd *Cynthia* flow'd,

As shee had posted forth to tell the Sonne,

VVhat in his absence in her Court was done.

The glymmering starr's like Sentinels in warre,

Behind the Clowdes as thieues doe stand to pry,

And through false loope-holes looking out a satire,

To see him skirmish with his destenie,

As they had held a counsell in the Sky,

And had before consulted with the night,

Shee should be darke, and they would hide their light.

In

Mortimeriados.

In deadly silence all the shores are hush'd,

Onely the Shreechowe sounds to the assault,

And *Iſis* with a troubled murmure ruſh'd,

As ſhee had done her beſt to hide the fault,

A little whiſpering moou'd within the vault,

Made with his ruſhing ſoftly as he went,

VVhich ſeem'd to ſay it furthered his intent.

This wondrous Queene, whom care from reſt had kept,

Now for his ſpeed to heauen holds vp her hands,

A thouſand thoughts within her boſome heap'd,

Now in her Cloſſet liſtning ſtill ſhe ſtands,

And though deuided as in ſundry ſtrands,

Yet aſſent, preſent in deſires they bee,

For minds diſcerne, where eyes could neuer ſee.

Loe now he thinks he vaulteth in her ſight,

Still taking courage, ſtrengthened by her words,

Imagining ſhee ſported with delight,

To ſee his ſtrong armes ſtretch the tackling coards,

And oft a ſmyle vnto his toyle affords,

And when ſhee doubted danger, might her heare,

Call him her ſoule, her life, her *Mortimer*.

Mortimeriados.

Nowe doth shee wooe the walls, intreat and kisse,

And then protests to memorize the place,

And to adorne it with a Piramis,

VVhose glory wrack of time should not deface.

Then to the cord shee turnes her selfe a space,

And promiseth, if that should set him free,

A sacred relique it should euer bee.

Shee saith, the small cloudes issuing from his breath,

Seasond with sweet from whence they lately came,

Should cleere the ayre from pestilence and death,

And like *Promethian* life-begetting flame,

Pure bodies in the element should frame,

And to what part of heauen they hapt to stray,

There should they make another milkie way.

Attaind the top his tyred lymms to breath,

Mounted in tryumph on his miseries,

The gentle earth salutes him from beneath,

And couer'd with the comfortable skyes,

Lightned with beames of *Isabella's* eyes,

Downe from the Turret desperately doth slide,

Now for a kingdome, Fortune be his guide.

As

Mortimeriados.

As hee descends, so doe her eyes ascend,

As feare had fixt them to behold his fall;

Then from the sight, away her sight doth bend,

VVhen chilly coldnes doth her hart appall,

Then out for helpe shee suddainly doth call;

Silent againe, watching if ought should hap,

Her selfe might be the ground, his graue her lap.

Now doth she court the gentle calmie ayre,

And then againe shee doth coniure the winde;

Now doth she try to stop the night by prayer,

And then with spells the heavy sence to binde;

Then by the burning Tapers shee diuinde;

Now shee intreats faire *Thames* that hee might passe

The *Hellepont* where her *Leander* was.

The brushing murmure stills her like a song,

Yet fearing least the streame should fall in loue,

Enuies the drops which on his tresses hong,

Imagining the waues to stay him stroue,

And when the billowes with his brest he droue,

Griued there-with, shee turnes away her face,

Icalous least hee the billowes should embrace.

Mormonierados.

37 Shee liketh him to the transformed Bull,
 63 VVhich curll'd the fayre flood with his Inory flank,
 64 VVhen on his bancke he bare the louely trull,
 7 Floting along ynto the *Cretan* banck,
 7 Comparing this to that lasciuious pranck,
 8 And swears then hee, no other *Loue* there were,
 69 If thee *Europa* had been present there.
 107 Thus seekes he life, encourag'd by his loue,
 Yet for his loue his life he doth eschue,
 9 Danger in him a deadly feare doth moue,
 And feare churts him danger to pursue,
 7 Rage stirr's reuenge, reuenge doth rage reuue:
 10 Danger and feare, rage and reuenge at strife,
 Life warr's with loue, and loue contends with life.
 126 Thys angry Lyon hauing slypp'd his chayne,
 Now like a *Quartain*, makes King *Edward* quake,
 65 VVho knew too well, ere he was caught againe,
 70 Some of his flock his bloody thirst must slake,
 67 And vnawares intangled in this brake,
 41 Sawe further vengeance hanging in the wind,
 26 Knowing too well, the greatnes of his mind,
 Thus

Mortimeriados.

Thys once againe the world begins to worke,

Theyr hopes (at length) vnto thys issue brought,

VVhilst yet the Serpent in his Den doth lurke,

Of whom God knowes, the King full little thought,

The instrument which these deuises wrought.

For ther's no treason woundeth halfe so deepe,

As that which doth in Princes bosoms sleepe,

Now must the Cleargie serue them for a cloke,

The Queene her state vnto the time must fit,

But tis the Church-man which must strike the stroke,

Now must thys Prelate shew a statesmans wit,

They cast the plot, and *March* must manage it,

They both at home together lay on load,

And he the Agent to effect abroad.

VVho sweetly tunes his well-perswading tong,

In pleasing musick to the French-kings ears,

The sad discourse of *Isabelles* wrong,

VVith tragick action forcing silent tears,

Mouing to pittie euery one that hears,

That by discouery of thys foule reproch,

Old mischiefes so, might new be set abroch.

VVhilst

Mortimeriados.

109 VVhilst they are tempring in these home-bred iarres,
110 How for the *Scot* fit passage might be made,
111 To lay the ground of these succesfull warrs,
112 That hope might giue him courage to inuade,
113 And from the King the Commons to perswade;
114 That whilst at home his peace he would assure,
115 His further plague in *France* he might procure.

116 By these reports, all circumstances knowne,
117 Sounds *Charles* of *France* into the lists againe,
118 To ceaze on *Guyen* by Armes to clayme his owne,
119 VVhich *Edward* doth vnlawfully detaine,
120 Homage for *Pontien*, and for *Aquitaine*,
121 Reuoking this dishonorable truce,
122 Vrg'd by his wrongs, and *Isabels* abuse.

123 The spirits thus rayz'd which haunt him day and night,
124 And on his fortune heauen doth euer lower,
125 Danger at hand, and mischief still in sight,
126 Ciuill sedition weakning still his power,
127 No ease of paine one minute in the hower,
128 T' intreat of peace with *Charles*, he now must send,
129 Else all his hopes in *France* were at an end.

Mortimeriados.

Heere is the poynt wherein all poynts must end,

VVhich must be handled with no meane regard,

The prop whereon this building must depend,

VVhich must by leuell curiousely be squared,

The cunningst descant that had yet beene hard.

Heere close conueyance must a meane prouide,

Else might the ambush easely be discride.

Or this must helpe, or nothing serues the turne,

This way, or no way, all must come about,

To blowe the fier which now began to burne,

Or tind the strawe before the brand went out,

This is the lot which must resolue the doubt,

To walke the path where *Edward* bears the light,

And take their ayme by leuell of his sight.

This must a counsell seriously debate,

In grauest iudgements fit to be discust,

Beeing a thing so much consernes the state,

Edward in this, must to their wisdomes trust,

No whit suspecting but that all were iust.

Especially the Church whose mouth should be,

The Oracle of truth and equitie,

Mortimeriados.

Torlton whose tongue, mens eares in chaines could rye,
VVhose words, euen like a thunderbolt could pearce,
And were alowd of more aucthoritie,
Then was the *Sibills* olde diuining verse,

VVhich were of force a iudgement to reuerse:
Now for the Queene, with all his power doth stand,
To lay this charge on her well-guiding hand.

VVhat helps her presence to the cause might bring,
First as a wife, a sister, and a mother,
A Queene to deale, betwixt a King, and King,
To right her sonne, her husband, and her brother,

And each to her indifferent as the other:
VVhich colour serues to worke in these extreames,
That which (God knowes) King *Edward* neuer dreames,

Torlton is this thy spirituall pretence?
VVould God thy thoughts were more spirituall,
Or lesse perswasive were thy eloquence,
But ô thy actions are too temporall,

Thy reasons subtile and sophisticall:
VVould all were true thy suposition sayth,
Thy arguments lesse force, or thou more sayth.

Thus

Mortimeriados.

Thus is the matter managed with skill,
To his desires, their meanes thus to deuise,
To thrust him on, to drawe them vp the hill,
That by his strength, they might get power to rise,

This great Archmaster of all policies:
In the beginning wisely had forecast,
How ere things went, which way they must at last.

VVith sweetest hony, thus he baytes the snare,
And clawes the beast till he be in the yoke,
In golden cups he poyson doth prepare,
And tickles where he meanes to strike the stroke,

Giuing the bone whereas he meant to choke:
And by all helpes of Arte doth smooth the way,
To send his foe, downe head-long to decay.

Shee which thus fitly had both winde and tide,
And sawe her passage serue the hower so right,
VVhilst things thus fadge are quicke dispatch applide,
To take her time whilst yet the day is light,

VVho hath beene tyerd in trauell feares the night:
And finding all too much to change inclind,
And euery toy soone altering *Edwards* mind,

Mortimeriados.

Her followers such as frendlesse else had hood,
Supprest and troden with the *Spensers* pride,
VVhose howses *Edward* branded had with blood,
And but with blood could not be satisfi'd,
VVho for reuenge did but the hower abide;
And knew all helpes, that mischiefe could inuent,
To shake the state, and further her intent.

Thus on the wronged, she her wrongs doth rest,
And vnto poyson, poyson doth applie,
Her selfe oprest, to harden the oprest,
And with a spye, to intercept a spye,
An Enemye, against an Enemye.

Hee that will gaine what policie doth heede,
By *Mercurie* must deale, or neuer speede.

Now *Mortimer*, whose mayne was fully set,
Seeing by fortune all his hopes were crost,
His struggling still how he againe might get,
That which before his disadvantage lost,

Not once dismayd though in these tempests tost:
Nor in affliction is he ouerthrowne,
To *Mortimer* all Countries are his owne.

Englands

Mortimeriados.

Englands an Ile where all his youth he spent,
Enuiron'd valure in it selfe is drownd,
But now he liues within the continent,
VVhich being boundlesse, honour hath no bound,

Here through the world, doth endlesse glory sound:
To fames rich treasure Time vnlocks the dore,
VVhich angry Fortune had shut vp before,

VVhat wayes he of his wealth, our *Wigmore* left,
Let builded heapes, let Rocks and Mountaines stand,
Goods oft be held by wrong, first got by theft,
Birds haue the ayre, Fish water, Men the land,

*Wigmore the
ancient house
of the Mortimer
family.*

Alcides pitch'd his pillers in the sand,
Men looke vp to the starres thereby to knowe,
As they doe progresse heauen, he earth should doe

And to this end, did Nature part the ground,
Else had not man beene King vpon the Sea,
Nor in depths her secrets had beene found,
If to all parrs on firme had layne his way,

But she to shewe him where her wonders lay:
To passe the floods, this meane for him inuents,
To trample on these baser elements.

Mortimeriados.

Neuer sawe *France*, no neuer till this day,

A mind more great, more free, more resolute,

Let all our *Edwards* say, what *Edwards* may,

Our *Henries*, *Talbot*, or our *Mountacute*,

To whom our royall conquests we impute:

That *Charles* him selfe, oft to the Peers hath sworne,

This man alone, the Destinies did scorne.

Vertue can beare, what can on Vertue fall,

VVho cheapeneth honour, must not stand on price,

VVho beareth heauen (they say) can well beare all,

A yeelding mind doth argue cowardize,

Our haps doe turne as chaunces on the dice.

Nor neuer let him from his hope remooue,

That vnder him hath mould, the starres aboue.

Let dull-braynd slaues contend for mud and earth,

Let blocks and stones, sweate but for blocks and stones,

Let peasants speake of plenty and of dearth,

Fame neuer looks so lowe as on these drones,

Let courage manage Empiers, sit on thrones,

And he that Fortune at commaund will keepe,

He must be suer, he neuer let her sleepe.

VVho

Mortimeriados.

VWho wins her grace, must with archiuelements wooe her,
As shee is blind, so neuer had shee eares,
Nor must with puling eloquence goe to her,
Shee vnderstands not sighes, she heares not prayers,
Flattered shee flies, controld shee euer feares;
And though a while shee nicely doe forsake it,
Shee is a woman, and at length will take it.

Nor neuer let him dreame once of a Crowne,
For one bad cast, that will giue vp his game,
And though by ill hap he be ouerthrowne,
Yet let him manage her, till shee be tame,

The path is set with danger leads to fame:
VWhen *Minos* did the *Gracians* flight denie,
He made him wings, and mounted through the skie.

THE cheerefull morning cleeres her cloudie browes,
The vaporie mists are all disperst and spred,
Now sleepe Time his lazie lims doth rouze,
And once beginneth to hold vp his head,

Hope bloometh faire, whose roote was wel nere dead,
The clue of sorrowe to the end is ronne,
The bowe appears to tell the flood is donne,

Nature

Mortimeriados.

Nature lookes backe to see her owne decay,
Commaunding age to slacke her speedy pace,
Occasion forth her golden loake doth lay,
VVhilst sorrowe paynts her wrinkle-withered face,
Day lengthneth day, and ioyes doe ioyes embrace,
Now is she comming yet till she be heere,
My pen runnes flowe, each comma seemes a yeere.

She's now imbarck'd, slide billowes for her sake,
VVhose eyes can make your aged *Neptune* yong,
Sweet Syrens from the chaulkie clecus awake,
Rauish her eares with some inchaunting song,
Daunce the Lauokos all the sands along:
It is not *Venus* on your floods doth passe,
But one more fayre then euer *Venus* was.

You scalie Dolphins gaze vpon her eyes,
And neuer after with your kind make warre,
O steale the Musicke from her lips that flies,
VVhose accents like the tunes of Angels are,
Compard with whom *Arions* did but iarre.
Hugge them sweet ayre, and when the Seas doe rage,
Vse them as charmes thy tempests to asuage,
Sweet

Mortimeriados.

Sweet Sea-nymphs flock in shoals vpon the shores,
Fraunce kisse those feet whose steps thou first didst guide,
Present thy Queene with all thy gorgeous store,
Now mayst thou reuell in thy greatest pride:

Shyp mount to heauen, and be thou stellified,
And next that star fix'd Argosie alone,
There take thou vp thy constellation.

Th' exceeding ioy conceu'd by the Queene,
Or his content, to them I leaue to gosse,
VWho but the subject of their thoughts haue scene,
VWho I am sure, if they the truth confesse,

VWill say that silence onely can expresse:
And when with honor shes sit time could take,
VWith sweet embraces thus shes him bespake:

O Mortimer, great Mortimer quoth shes,
VWhat angry power such mischief could deuise,
To separate thy dearest Queene and thee,
VWhom loues eternall vnion strongly ties:
But seeing thee, vnto my longing eyes

(Though guiltlesse they,) this penance is assignd,
To gaze vpon thee yntill they be blind.

H.

Sweet

Mortimeriados.

Sweet face, quoth she, how art thou changed thus,
Since beaury on this lovely front thou bor'st,
Like the yong Hunter fresh *Hipolitus*,
VVhen in these curls my fauors first thou wor'st?

Now like great *Ioue* thy *Iuno* thou ador'st;
The Muses leane theyr double-topped throne,
And on thy temples make theyr *Helicon*.

Come tell mee now what grieve and danger is,
Of paine and pleasure in imprisonment,
At euery breath the poynt shal be a kisse,
VVhich can restore consuming languishment,

A cordiall to comfort banishment;
And thou shalt find, that pleasures long restrained,
Be farre more pleasant when they once be gained.

Now sweeten all thy sorrowes with delight,
Teach man-hood courtshyp, turne these broyles to loue,
The day's nere ill that haist a pleasing night,
Ther's other warrs in hand, which thou must proue,

VVarrs which no blood shall shed, nor sorrow moue:
And that sweet foe of whom thou winn'st the day,
Shall crowne thy tresses with triumphant Bay.

Mortimeriados.

And sith that tyme our better ease assures,
Let solace sit and rock thee on her brest,
And let thy sences say like Epicures,
Lets eate and drinke, and lay vs downe to rest,
Like belly-Gods, to surfet at the feast;
Our day is cleere, then neuer doubt a shower,
Prince *Edward* is my sonne, *England* my dower.

Possessing this inestimable Iem,
VVhat is there wanting to maintaine thy port?
Thy royall Mistresse wears a Diadem,
Thy high-pitchd pyneons sore beyond report;
I am thy *Wigmore*, *France* shall be thy Court;
How canst thou want millions of Pearle and gold,
VVhen thou the Indies in thyne armes dost hold?

Thou art King *Edward*, or opinion fayles,
Longshanks begot thee when in youth he rang'd,
Thou art *Carnarvan*, thou the Prince of *Wales*,
And in thy Cradle falsely thou wert chang'd,

Hee *Mortimer*, and thou hast beene estrang'd;
Pardon me deere, what *Mortimer* sayd I,
Then should I loue him; but my tongue doth lie;

Mortimeriados.

As Fortune hath created him a King,
Had Nature made him valiant as thou art,
My soule had not been such'd with torments sting,
Nor hadst thou now been plac'd so neere my hart,

But since by lot this fallerh to thy part,
If such haue wealth as lewdly will abuse it,
Let those enioy it who can better vse it.

Except to heauen, my hopes can clime no hie,
Now in mine armes had I my little boy,
Then had I all on earth I could deser,
The King's as he would be, God send him ioy,

Now with his mynions let him sport and toy,
His lemman *Spenser*, and himselfe alone,
May sit and talke of Mistresse *Gneffon*,

VVhen first I of that wanton King was woo'd,
VVhy camst thou not vnto the Court of *France*?
Thou then alone should'st in my grace haue stood,
O *Mortimer*, how good had been thy chaunce?

Then had I beene thine owne inheritance,
Now entrest thou by force, and holds by might,
And so intrud'st vpon anothers right.

Honor

Mortimeriados.

Honor that Idoll weomen so adore,

How many plagues hast thou in store to grieue vs,

VVhen in our selues we finde there yet is more

Then that bare word of maiestie can giue vs?

VVhen of that comfort so thou canst depriue vs,

VVhich with our selues oft sett'st vs at debate,

And mak'st vs beggers in our greatest state.

Euen as a Trumpets lively-sounding voyce,

Tryps on the winds with many a dainty trick,

VVhen as the speaking Ecchoes doe reioyce,

So much delighted with the rethorick,

Seeming to make the heauie dull ayre quick,

VVith such rare musick in a thousand kayes,

Vpon his hart-strings thee in consort playes.

On thys foundation whilst they firmly stand,

And as they wish, so fitly all things vvent,

No worse their warrant, then King Edwards hand,

VVho his owne Bow to his destruction bent;

The course of things to fall in true consent,

Giues full assurance of the happy end,

On which their thoughts now carefully attend.

Mortimeriados.

And fith in payment all for currant paffe,
And theyr proceedings were allow'd for such,
Although this peace against her stomach was,
And yet imports the Princes strength so much,
To carry all things cleerly without tuch,
VVith seeming care doth seemingly effect,
VVhat loue commaunds, and greatnes should respect.

Charles waying well his lawfull Nephews right,
So mighty an Embassador as shee,
This meant to winne her grace in *Edwards* sight,
And so reclaime his vaine inconstancie,
VVith kindnes thus to conquer all these three,
VVhat loue the subjects to his Sister bore,
Heapes on desert, to make this much the more.

Her expedition, and thys great successe
Of after-good, still seeming to deuine,
Carnaruan should by couenant release,
And to the Prince the Prouinces resigne,
VVho dooing homage, should recenter *Gayne*,
Safe-conduct sent the King, to come with speed,
To seale in person what the *Queene* decreed.

But

Mortimeriados.

But whilst he stood yet doubtfull what to doe,
The *Spensers* who his counsels chiefly guide,
Nor with theyr Soueraigne into *France* durst goe,
Nor in his absence durst at home abide:

His listning eares with such perswasions plyde,
As hee by them, to stay at home is wonne,
And with Commission to dispatch his Sonne.

Now till thys howre all ioyes inwombed lay,
And in this howre now came they first to light,
Ad dayes to Months, and howres vnto the day,
And as *Ioue* dyd, so make a treble night,

And whilst delight is rauish'd with delight,
Swound in these sweets, in pleasures pleasing paine,
And as they die, so brought to life againe.

Now Clowd-borne care, hence vanish for a time,
The Sunne ascending, hath the yeere renew'd,
And as the Halkes in hottest Sotherne clime,
Their halfe-sick hopes their crazed flags haue mew'd,

A world of ioyes their breasts doe now include,
The thoughts whereof, thoughts quicknes doth benum,
In whose exprefion, pens and tongues be dumbe.

To

Mortimeriads

In fayre *Lavinia*, *Troy* is built againe,
And on thys shore her ruins are repard,
Nor *Iunon* hate such vigor doth retaine.

The Fates appeas'd who with theyr fortune squard,

The remnant of the shypwrackt naue spard,
Though torne with tempests, yet aru'd at last,
May sit and sing, and tell of sorrowes past.

If shee doe sit, he leanes on *Cynthias* throne,

If shee doe walke, he in the circle went,

If shee doe sport, he must be grac'd alone,

If shee discourse, he is the argument,

If shee deuise, it is to his content:

From her proceeds the light he beares about him;

And yet she sets if once shee be without him.

Still with his cares his soueraigne Goddesse bears,

And with his eyes shee graciously doth see,

Still in her breast his secret thoughts she bears,

Nor can her tongue pronounce an I, but vicer,

Thus two in one, and one in two they bee:

And as his soule possesseth head and hart,

Shee's all in all, and all in euery part,

Like

Mortimeriados.

Like as a well-tund Lute thats tucht with skill,
In Musicks language sweetly speaking playne,
VVhen euery string it selfe with sound doth fill,
Taking their tones, and giuing them againe,

A diapazon heard in euery strayne :
So their affections set in kayes so like,
Still fall in consort, as their humors strike.

Shee must returne, King *Edwards* will is so,
But soft a while, shee meaneth no such thing,
He's not so swift, but shee is twice as slowe,
No hast, but good, this message backe to bring,

Another tune he must be taught to sing:
VVhich to his hart more deadly is by far,
Then cries of ghosts, or Mandrakes shreackings are.

Stapleton who had beene of their counsell long,
Or wooonne with gifts, or else of childish feare,
Or mou'd in conscience with King *Edwards* wrong,
Or pittying him, or hate to them did beare,

Or of th'euent that now he did dispaire :
This Bishop backe from *France* to *Edward* flewe,
And knowing all discouered all he knewe.

Mortimeriados.

The platforme of this enterprize disclosd,
And *Torltons* drift by circumstances found,
VVith what conueyance all things are disposd,
The cunning vsd in laying of the ground,
And vvith what Art, this curious trayle is woond:

Awakes the King, to see his owne estate,
VVhen to preuent, he comes a day too late,

Isabell the time doth still and still reiorne,
Charles as a Brother with perswasions deales,
Edward with threats, doth haften her retorne,
Pope *John*, with Bulls and curses hard assailes,

Perswasions, curses, threats, no whit preuailes:
Chales, *Edward*, *John*, Pope, Princes; doe your worst,
The Queene fares best, when she the most is curst.

The *Spensers*, who the French-mens humors felt,
And with their Soueraigne, had deuisd the draught,
VVith Prince, and Peers, now vnder hand had delt,
In golden nets, who were alreadie caught,

And nowe King *Charles*, they haue so throughlie
That he with sums, too slightly overwaid, (wrought:
Poore *Isabells* hopes, now in the dust are layd.

Thou

Mortimeriados.

Thou base delier, thou graue of all good harts,
Corsiue to kindnes, bawd to beastly will,
Monster of time, defrauder of desarts,
Thou plague, which doest both loue and vertue kill,
Honours abuser, friendships greatest ill:
If curse in hell, there worse then other bee,
I pray that curse, may trebled light on thee.

Nor can all these amaze this mighty Queene,
Who vvith affliction, neuer was controlld,
Neuer such courage in her sex was scene,
Nor was she cast in other womens mould,
But can endure vvarres, trauell, want, and cold:
Strugling with Fortune, nere with greefe oppressd,
Most cheerefull still, when she was most distrest,

Thus she resolu'd, to leaue vngratefull *France*,
And in the world her fortune yet to trye,
Chaunging the ayre, hopes time will alter chance,
As one whose thoughts with honors wings doe flye,

Her mighty mind, still scorning miserie:
Yet ere she went, her greeued hart to heale,
Shee rings King *Charles*, this dolefull parting peale.

Mortimeriados.

Is this the trust I haue repos'd (quoth shee)
And to this end to thee my griefes haue told?
Is this the kindnes that thou offerest mee?
And in thy Country am I bought and sold?
In all this heate art thou become so cold?
Came I to *Fraunce* in hope to find a friend?
And now in thee haue all my hopes their end?

Phillip (quoth shee) thy Father neuer was,
But some base peasant, or some slauish hind,
Neuer did Kingly Lyon get an Asse,
Nor cam'st thou of that Princely Eagles kind:

But fith thy hatefull cowardise I find,
Sinke thou, thy power, thy Country, ayde and all,
Thou barbarous Moore, thou most vnnaturall.

Thou wert not Sonne vnto the Queene my mother,
Nor wert conceiued in her sacred woombe,
Some misbegotten changeling, not my Brother,
O that thy Nurfes armes had beene thy Toombe,

Or thy birth-day had beene the day of doombe:
Neuer was Fortune with such error led,
As when shee plac'd a Crowne vpon thy head.

And

Mortimeriados.

And for my farewell this I prophetic,
That from my loynes, that glorious fruite shall spring,
VVhich shall tread downe that base posteritie,
And lead in tryumph thy succeeding King,

To fatall *Fraunce*, I as *Sibilla* sing:
Her Citties sackd, the ruine of her men,
VVhen of the English, one shall conquer ten.

Beumount who had in *Fraunce* this shuffling scene,
VVhose soule with kindnes *Isabell* had wonne,
To flye to *Henault*, now perswades the Queene,
Assuring her what good might there be done,
Offering his Neece, vnto the Prince her Sonne:
The onely meane, to bend his brothers might,
Against King *Edward*, and to back her right.

This worthy Lord, experienc'd long in armes,
VVhom *Isabell* with many fauours grac'd,
VVhose Princely blood, the brute of conquest warmes,
In whose great thoughts, the Queene was highly plac'd,

Greeting to see her succours thus defac'd,
Hath cast this plot, which managed with heed,
Sith all doe fayle, should onely helpe at need.

Mortimeriados.

Shee who but lately had her Ankors wayd,
And sawe the cloudes on euery side to rise,
Nor now can stay, vntill the streame be stayd,
Nor harbour till the cleering of the skies,

VVho though she rou'd, the marke stil in her eyes,
Accepts his offer thankfully as one,
Succouring the poore in such affliction,

This courteous Earle, mou'd with her sad report,
VVhose cares were drawne to her inchanting tong,
Traind vp with her in *Phillips* royall Court,
And fully now confirmed in her wrong,

Her foes growe weake, her friends grow daily strong.
The Barrons oath, gag'd in her cause to stand,
The Commons word, the Cleargies helping hand,

All Couenants signd with wedlocks sacred scale,
In friendships bonds eternally to bind,
And all proceeding from so perfect zeale,
And fixing right, with *Henalls* mighty mind,

VVhat ease hereby, the Queene doth hope to find;
The sweet contentment of the louely bride,
Young *Edward* pleas'd, and ioy on euery side.

Now

Mortimeriados.

Now full seauen times, the Sunne his welked waine,
Had on the top of all the Tropick set,
And seauen times descending downe againe,
His fiery wheelles, had with the fishes wet,
Since malice first this mischiefe did beget:
In which so many courses hath beene runne,
As he that time celestiaall signes hath done.

From *Henalt* now this great *Bellona* comes,
Glyding along fayre *Belgias* glasseie maine,
Mazing the shores with noyse of thundring drums,
VVith her young *Edward*, Duke of *Aquitayne*,
The fatall scourges of King *Edwards* raigne:
Her Souldiour *Beumount*, and the Earle of *Kent*,
And *Mortimer* that mightie Malcontent.

Three thousand Souldiers mustred men in pay,
Of *Almaynes*, *Swifers*, trustie *Henawers*,
Of native English fled beyond the Sea,
Of fat-braind *Eleamings*, fishie *Zelanders*,
Edwards decreasing power, augmenting hers:
Her friends at home expect her comming in,
And new commotions every day begin.

The

Mortimeriados.

The Coasts be daylie kept with watch and ward,
The Beacons burning, at thy foes discerie,
O had the loue of Subiects beene thy guard,
T'ad beene t'effect, what thou didst fortifie,
But t'is thy household home-bred Enemy,
Nor Fort, nor Castell, can thy Countrey keepe,
VVhen foes doe wake, and dreamed friends doe sleepe.

In vaine be armes, when heauen becomes a foe,
Kneele, weepe, intreat, and speake thy Death-man fayre,
The earth is armd vnto thy ouerthrowe,
Goe pacifie the angrie powers by prayer,
Or if not pray, goe *Edward* and dispayre:
Thy fatall end, why doest thou this begin,
Locking Death out, thou keep'st destruction in.

A Southwest gale, for *Harrish* fully blowes,
Blow not so fast, to kindle such a fier:
VVhilst vnder sailes, shee yet securely rowes,
Turne gentle wind, and force her to retyer,
But O the winds, doe *Edwards* yrack conspyre,
For when the heauens are vnto iustice bent,
All things be turned to our iust punishment.

Shee

Mortimeriados.

Shee is arriv'd in *Orwells* pleasant Roade,

Orwell thy name, or ill, or never was:

VVhy art thou not ore-burthend with thy loade?

VVhy sinck'st thou not vnder thys monstrous masse?

But what heaven will, that needs must come to passe.

That grieuous plague thou carriest on thy deepe,

Shall giue iust cause for many, streames to weepe.

Englands Earle-marshall, Lord of all that Coast,

VVith bells and bonfires welcoms her to shore,

Great *Leicester* next ioyneth hoast to hoast,

The Cleargies power, in readines before,

VVhich every day increaseth more and more:

Vpon the Church a great taxation layd,

For Armes, munition, mony, men, and ayd.

Such as too long had looked for this hower,

And in their brests imprisoned discontent,

Their wills thus made too powerful by their power

VVhose spirits were factious, great, and turbulent,

Their hopes succesfull by this ill euent,

Like to a thiefe that for his purpose lyes,

Take knowledge now of *Edwards* iniuries.

K.

Young

Mortimeriados.

Young Prince of Wales, loe heere thy vertue lyes,
Softens thy Mothers flintie hart with teares,
Then wooe thy Father with those blessed eyes,
VVherein the image of himselfe appeares;
VVith thy soft hand softly whitening theirs:
VVith thy sweet kisses so them both beguile,
Vntill they smyling weepe, and weeping smile.

Bid her behold that curled silken Downe,
Thy fayre smooth brow, in beauties fayrer pryde,
Not to be prest with a care-bringing Crowne,
Nor that with sorrowes wrinckled ere the tyme;
Thy feete too feeble to his seate to clyme;
VVho gaue thee life, a crowne for thee did make,
Taking that Crowne, thou life from him doost take.

Looke on these Babes, the scales of plighted troth,
VVhose little armes about your bodies cling,
These pretty imps, so deere vnto you both,
Beg on their knees, their little hands do wring,
Queenes to a Queene, Kings kneele vnto a King,
To see theyr comfort, and the crowne defac'd,
You fall to Armes, which haue in armes embrac'd.

Subiects

Mortimeriados.

Subiects see these, and then looke backe on these,
VVhere hatefull rage with kindly nature strives,
And iudge by *Edward* of your owne disease,
Chyldren by chyldren, by his wife your wiges,
Your state by his, in his life your owne liues,
And yeeld your swords, to take your deaths as due,
Then draw your swords, to spoyle both him and you.

From *Edmondsbury* now comes thys *Lyonesse*,
Vnder the Banner of young *Aquitaine*,
And downe towards *Oxford* doth herselfe adresse,
A world of vengeance vwayting on her traine,

Heere is the period of *Carnarvans* raigne;
Edward thou hast, but King thou canst not beare,
Ther's now no King, but great King *Mortimer*.

Now friendles *Edward* followed by his foes,
Needes must he runne, the devill hath in chace,
Poore in his hopes, but wealthy in his woes,
Plenty of plagues, but scarcitie of grace,

Who wearied all, now wearieth euery place;
No home at home, no comfort scene abroad,
His minde small rest, his body small abroad.

Mortimeriados.

One scarce to him his sad discourse hath done
Of *Henalt's* power, and what the *Queene* intends,
But whilst he speakes, another hath begun,
Another straight beginning where he ends,

Some of new foes, some of revolting friends;
These ended once, againe new rumors spread
Of many which rebell, of many fled.

Thus of the remnant of his hopes bereft,
Shee hath the sum, and hee the silly rest,
Towards *Wales* he flies, of England being left,
To rayse an Armie there himselfe adrest,

But of his power shee fully is possesse,
Shee hath the East, her rising there-withall,
And he the West, I there goes downe his fall.

What plagues doth *Edward* for himselfe prepare?
Alas poore *Edward*, whether doost thou flie?
Men change the ayre, but seldome change their care,
Men flie from foes, but not from miserie,

Griefes be long-liu'd, and sorrowes seldome die,
And whē thou feel'st thy conscience touch'd with griefe,
Thy selfe pursues thy selfe, both rob'd and thiefe.

Towards

Mortimeriados.

Towards *Lundy*, which in *Sabryns* mouth doth stand,
Carried with hope, still hoping to finde ease,
Imagining thys were his natie Land,
Thys England: and *Seuerne* the narrow seas,

VVith this conceit (poore soule) himselfe doth please,
And sith his rule is ouer-rul'd by men,
On byrds and beasts he'll king it once agen.

Tis treble death a freezing death to feele,
For him, on whom the sunne hath euer shone,
VVho hath been kneel'd vnto, can hardly kneele,
Nor hardly beg which once hath been his owne,
A fearefull thing to tumble from a throne;
Fayne would he be king of a little Ile,
All were his Empyre bounded in a myle.

Aboard a Barke, now towards the Ile he sayles,
Thinking to find some mercy in the flood:
But see, the weather with such power preuailes,
Not suffring him to rule thys peece of vwood;

VVho can attaine, by heauen and eath with flood?
Edward, thy hopes but vainly doe delude,
By Gods and men vncessantly pursu'd.

Mortimeriados.

At length to land his carefull Barke he hales,
 Beaten with stormes, ballast with misery,
 Thys home-bred exile, on the Coast of *Wales*,
 Vnlike himselfe, with such as like him bee,
Spenser, Reding, Baldock, these haplesse three,
 They to him subiect, he subiect to care,
 And he and they, to mutther subiect are.

To ancient *Neyth*, a Castell strongly built,
 Thether repayre thys forlorne banish'd crew,
 VVhich holdeth them, but not contaynes theyr guilt,
 There hid from eyes, but not from iennies view,
 Nor from theyr stars themselves they yet with-drew,
 VValls may awhile keepe out an enemye,
 But neuer Castle kept out destinye.

Heere Fortune hath immur'd them in this hold,
 VVilling theyr poore imprisoned liberty,
 Liuing a death, in hunger, want, and cold,
 VVhilst muttherous treason entrech secretly,

All lay on hands to punish crueltie,
 And when euen might is vp vnto the chyn,
 VVeake friends become strong foes to thrust him in.

Melpomine

Mortimeriados.

M*elpomine*, thou dolefull Muse be gone,

Thy sad complaints be matters farre too light,

Heere (now) come plagues beyond comparifon.

You dreadfull Furies, visions of the night,

VVith gaffly howling all approach my fight,

And let pale ghosts with fable Tapers stand,

To lend sad light to my more fadder hand,

Each line fhall be a history of woe;

And euery accent as a dead mans cry;

Now must my teares in fuch aboundance flow,

As doe the drops of fruitfull *Cafaly*,

Each letter must containe a tragedy:

Loe, now I come to tell this wofull reft,

The dreereft tale that euer pen expreff.

You fencelefle ftones, as all prodigious,

Or things which of like folid fubftance be,

Sith thus in nature all grow monfterous,

And vnto kinde contrary difagree,

Consume, or burne, or weepe, or figh with mee,

Vnleffe the earth hard-harted, nor can moane,

Makes Steele and ftones, more hard then Steele and fton.

All-guiding

Mortimeriados.

All-guiding heauen, which so doost still maintaine
VVhat ere thou moou'st in perfect vnitie,
And bynd'st all things in friendshipys sacred chayne,
In spotles and perpetuall amitie,

VVhich is the bounds of thy great Emperie;
VVhy sufferest thou the sacriligious rage,
Of thys rebellious, hatefull, yron age.

Now ruine raignes, God helpe the Land the while,
All prysons freed to make all mischiefes free,
Traytors and Rebels called from exile,
All things be lawfull, but what lawfull bee,

Nothing our owne, but our owne infamie:
Death, which ends care, yet carelesse of our death,
VVho steales our ioyes, but stealeth not our breath.

London which didst thys mischiefe first begin,
Loe, now I come thy tragedy to tell,
Thou art the first thats plagued for this sin,
VVhich first didst make the entrance to this hell,

Now death and horror in thy walls must dwell,
VVhich should'st haue care thy selfe in health to keepe,
Thusturn'st the vvoolues amongst the harmelesse sheepe.

*The Londoners
set all
the prisoners
at liberty.*

gubing

○

Mortimeriados.

O had I eyes, another *Thames* to weepe,

Or words expressing more, then words expresse,

O could my teares, thy great foundation sleepe,

To moane thy pride, thy wastfull vaine excelle,

Thy gluttonie, thy youthfull wantonnesse:

But t'is thy sinnes, that to the heauens are fled,

Dissoluing clowdes of vengeance on thy head.

The place prophan'd, where God should be adord,

The stone remou'd, whereon our faith is grounded,

Auſthoritie is scornd, counsell abhord,

Religion so by foolish sects confounded,

VVeake consciences by vaine questions wounded:

The honour due, to Magistrates neglected,

VVhat else but vengeance can there be expected?

VVhen fayth but faynd, a faith doth onely fayne,

And Church-mens liues, giue Lay-men leaue to fall,

The Ephod made a cloake to couer gayne,

Cunning auoyding what's canonicall,

Yet holines the Badge to beare out all:

VVhen sacred things be made a merchandize,

None talke of texts, then ceaseth prophicies,

L.

VVhen

Mortimeriados.

VWhen as the lawes, doe once peruert the lawes,
And weake opinion guides the common weale,
VWhere doubts should cease, doubts rise in euery clawse,
The sword which wounds, should be a salve to heale,
Oppression vworks oppression to conceale:
Yet beeing vs'd, when needfull is the vse,
Right clokes all wrongs, and couers all abuse.

Tempestious thunders, reare the fruitlesse earth,
Theroring Ocean past her bounds to rise,
Death-telling apparitions, monstrous birth,
Th'affrighted heauen with comet-glaring eyes,
The ground, the ayre, all filld with prodigies:
Fearefull eclipses, fierie vision,
And angrie Planets in coniunction.

Thy chanells serue for inke, for paper stones,
And on the ground, write murthers, incests, rapes,
And for thy pens, a heape of dead-mens bones,
Thy letters, vgly formes, and monstrous shapes;
And when the earths great hollow concaue gapes,
Then sinke them downe, least shee we liue vpon,
Doe leaue our vse, and flye subiection.

Virgine

Mortimeriados.

Virgine, but Virgine onely in thy name,
Now for thy sinne what murtherer shall be spent?

Blacke is my inke, but blacker is thy shame,
VVho shall reuenge? my Muse can but lament,

VVith hayre disheveld, words and tears halfe spent:
Poore rauish'd *Zucree* stands to end her lyfe,
VVhilst cruell *Tarquin* whets the angrie knyfe.

Thou wantst redresse, and tyrannie remorse,
And sad suspicion dyes thy fault in graine,
Compeld by force, must be repeld by force,
Complaints no pardon, penance helps not payne,

But blood must vvashe out a more bloody stayne:
To winne thine honour with thy losse of breath,
Thy guiltlesse lyfe with thy more guiltie death.

Thou art benum'd, thou canst not feele at all,
Plagues be thy pleasures, feare hath made past feare,
The deadly sound of sinnes Nile-thundering fall,
Hath tuned horror setled in thine eare,

Shreeks be the sweetest Musicke thou canst heare:
Armes thy attyer, and weapons all thy good,
And all the wealth thou hast, consists in blood.

Mortimeriados.

See wofull Citie, on thy ruin'd wall,
The verie Image of thy selfe heere see,
Read on thy gates in charred letters thy fall,
In famish'd bodies, thine Anatomic,

How like to them thou art, they like to thee:
And if thy teares haue dim'd thy hatefull sight,
Thy buildings are one fier to giue thee light.

For world that *was*, a wofull *is*, complayne,
VVhen men might haue been buried when they dyed,
VVhen Children might haue in their cradels layne,
VVhen as a man might haue enioy'd his bride,

The Sonne kneeld by his Fathers death-bed side:
The lyuing wrongd, the dead no right (now) haue,
The Father sees his Sonne to want a graue.

Right clokes all wrongs, and couers all abuse.

Tempestious thunders, teare the fruitlesse earth,
The roring Ocean past her bounds to rise,
Death telling apparitions, monstrous birth,
Th'affrighted heauen with comet-glaring eyes,

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And when the earths great hollow concaue gapes,
Then sinke them downe, least thee we liue vpon,
Doc leaue our vse, and flye subiection.

Virgine

Mortimeriados.

Is all the world in sencelesse slaughter dround?

No pittying hart? no hand? no eye? no care?

None holds his sword from ripping of the wound,

No sparke of pittie, nature, loue, nor feare;

Be all so mad, that no man can forbear?

V Vill you incur the cruell *Xeros* blame,

Thus to discouer your owne Mothers shame?

The man who of the plague yet raving lyes,

Hearcs yeelding goits to giue their latest grone,

And from his carefull window nought espyes,

But dead-mens bodies, others making moane,

No talke but Death, and execution.

Poore silly women from their houses fled,

Crying (o helpe) my husbands murdered;

V Vill you incur the cruell *Xeros* blame,

Thou wantst redresse, and tyrannie remorse,

And sad suspicion dyes thy fault in graine,

Compeld by force, must be repeld by force,

Complaints no pardon, penance helpes not payne,

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Armes thy attyer, and weapons all thy good,

And all the wealth thou hast, consists in blood.

Mortimeriados.

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The verie Image of thy selfe heere see,
Read on thy gates in charred letters thy fall,
In famish'd bodies, thine Anatomie,

How like to them thou art, they like to thee:
And if thy teares haue dim'd thy hatefull sight,
Thy buildings are one fier to giue thee light.

For world that *was*, a wofull *is*, complayne,
VVhen men might haue been buried when they dyed,
VVhen Children might haue in their cradels layne,
VVhen as a man might haue enioy'd his bride,

The Sonne kneeld by his Fathers death-bed side:
The lyuing wrongd, the dead no right (now) haue,
The Father sees his Sonne to vwant a graue.

The poore *Samaritan* almost staru'd for food,
Yet sawced her sweet Infants flesh with tears,
But thou in child vvith murther, long'ft for blood,
VVhich thy wombe wanting, casts the fruite it bears,

Thy viperous brood, their lothsome prison reys:
Thou drinkst thy gore out of a dead-mans scull,
Thy stomack hungry, though thy gorge be full.

Mortimeriados.

Is all the world in sencelesse slaughter dround?

No pittying hart? no hand? no eye? no care?

None holds his sword from ripping of the wound,

No sparke of pittie, nature, loue, nor feare;

Be all so mad, that no man can forbear?

VWill you incur the cruell *Aeros* blame,

Thus to discouer your owne Mothers shame?

The man who of the plague yet rauing lyes,

Heares yeelding golts to giue their latest grone,

And from his carefull window nought espies,

But dead-mens bodics, others making moane,

No talke but Death, and execution.

Poore silly women from their houses fled,

Crying (ô helpe) my husbands murthered;

Thames turne thee backe to *Belgia* frothie mayne,

Fayre *Tame* and *Isis*, hold backe both your springs,

Nor on thy London spread thy siluer trayne,

Nor let thy Ships lay forth their silken wings,

Thy shores with Swans late dying Dirgies rings,

Nor in thy armes let her imbraced bee,

Nor smile on her which sadly weepes on thee.

Mortimeriados.

Time end thy selfe here, let it not be sayd,
That euer Death did first begin in thee,
Nor let this flaunder to thy fault be layd,
That ages charge thee with impietic,

Least feare what hath beene, argue what may be:
And fashioning so a habite of the mind,
Make men no men, and alter humaine kind.

But yet this outrage hath but taken breath,
For pittie past, she meanes to make amends,
And more enrag'd, she doth returne to death;
And next goes downe King *Edward* and his friends,

VVhat she hath hoarded, now she franckly spends:
In such strange action as was neuer scene,
Clothing reuenge in habite of a Queene.

Now *Stapleton's* thy turne, from *France* that fled,
The next the lot vnto the *Spensers* fell,
Reding the Marshall, marshal'd with the dead,
Next is thy turne great Earle of *Arundell*,

Then *Mochelden* and wofull *Daniell*:
VVho followed him in his lasciuious wayes,
Must goe before him to his blackest dayes.

Carnarvan

Mortimeriados.

Carnarvan by his Countrie-men betrayd,
And sent a Prisoner from his native Land,
To *Knelworth* poore King he is conuayd,
To th' Earle of *Leister* wth a mighty band,
And now a present Parliament in hand,
Fully concluding what they had begunne,
T'uncrowne King *Edward*, and inuest his Sonne,

A scepter's lyke a pillar of great height,
VWhereon a mighty building doth depend,
VWhich when the same is ouer-prest with weight,
And past his compasse, forc'd therby to bend,
His massie roofe down to the ground doth send:
Crushing the lesser props, and murthering all,
VWhich stand within the compasse of his fall.

VWhere vice is countenanc'd with nobilitie,
Arte cleane excluded, ignorance held in,
Blinding the world, with mere hipocrisie,
Yet must be sooth'd in all their slauiish sinne,

Great malcontents to growe they then begin:
Nursing vile wits, to make them factious rooles,
Thus mighty men oft prooue the mightiest fooles.

The

Mortimeriados.

The Senate wronged by the Senator,
And iustice made iniustice by delayes,
Next innouation playes the Orator,
Counfels vncounfeld, Death defers no dayes,
And plagues, but plagues, allow no other playes:
And when one lyfe, makes hatefull many liues,
Cesar though *Cesar*, dyes with swords and kniues.

Now for the Cleargie, Peers, and Laetic,
Against the King must resignation make,
Th'elected Senate of the Emperie,
To *Kenelworth* are come, the Crowne to take,
Sorrowe hath yet but slept, and now awake:
In solemne sort each one doth take his place,
The partiall Iudges of poore *Edwards* case.

From his imprisoning chamber, cloth'd in black,
Before the great assemblie he is brought,
A dolefull hearse vpon a dead-mans back,
Whose heauie lookes, might tell his heauie thought,
Griefe needs no fayned action to be taught:
His Funerall solemniz'd in his chiere,
His eyes the Mourners, and his legs the Beere,
His

Mortimeriados.

His fayre red cheeks clad in pale sheets of shame,
And for a dumbe shew in a swound began,
VVhere passion doth strange sort of passion frame,
And euery sence a right Tragedian,
Exceeding farre the compasse of a man,
By vse of sorrow learning nature arte,
Teaching Dispayre to act a liuely part.

Ah Pitty, doost thou liue, or art thou not?
Some say such sights, men vnto flints haue turned,
Or Nature, else thy selfe hast thou forgot?
Or is it but a tale, that men haue mourned?
That water euer drown'd, or fire burned?
Or haue teares left to dwell in humaine eyes,
Or euer man to pittie miseries?

Hee takes the Crowne, and closely hugs it to him,
And smiling in his greefe he leanes vpon it;
Then doth hee frowne because it would forgoe him,
Then softly stealing, layes his vesture on it;
Then snatching at it, loth to haue forgone it,
Hee put it from him, yet hee will not so,
And yet retaines what fayne he would forgoe.

M.

Like

Mortimeriados.

Like as a Mother ouer-charg'd with woe,
Her onely chyld now laboring in death,
Doing to helpe it, nothing yet can doe,
Though with her breath, she faine would giue it breath,

Still saying, yet forgetting what shee sayth:
Euen so with poore King Edward doth it fare,
Leauing his Crowne, the first-borne of his care.

In thys confused conflict of the minde,
Tears drowning sighes, and sighes confounding tears,
Yet when as neyther any ease could finde,
And extreame griefe doth somewhat harden feares,

Sorrow growes sencelesse when too much she bears,
VVhilst speech & silence, strives which place should take,
VVith words halfe spoke, he silently bespake,

I clayme no Crowne, quoth he, by vile oppression,
Nor by the law of Nations haue you chose mee,
My Fathers title groundeth my succession,
Nor in your power is cullor to depose mee,

By heauens decree I stand, they must dispose mee,
A lawles act, in an vnlawfull thing,
VVith-drawes allegiance, but vncrownes no King.

VVhat

Mortimeriados.

What God hath sayd to one, is onely due,

Can I vsurpe by tyrannizing might?

Or take what by your birth-right falls to you?

Roote out your houses? blot your honors light?

By publique rule, to rob your publique right?

Then can you take, what he could not that gaue it,

Because the heauens commaunded I should haue it.

My Lords, quoth hee, commend me to the King,

Heere doth he pause, fearing his tongue offended,

Euen as in child-birth forth the word doth bring,

Sighing a full poynt, as he there had ended,

Yet struing, as his speech he would haue mended;

Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,

But griefes that rutch the hart, are hardly told.

Heere doth he weepe, as he had spoke in tears,

Calming this tempest with a shower of raine,

Whispering, as he would keepe it from his ears,

Doe my alegiance to my Soueraigne;

Yet at this word, heere doth he pause againe:

Yes say euen so, quoth he, to him you beare it,

If it be *Edward* that you meane shall weare it.

Mortimeriados.

Keepe hee the Crowne, with mee remaine the curse,
A haplesse Father, haue a happy Sonne,
Take he the better, I endure the worse,
The plague to end in mee, in mee begun,
And better may he thriue then I haue done;
Let him be second *Edward*, and poore I,
For euer blotted out of memorie.

Let him account his bondage from the day
That he is with the Diadem inuested,
A glittering Crowne doth make the haire soone gray,
VVithin whose circle he is but arrested,
In all his feasts, hee's but with sorrowe feasted,
And when his feete disdain to touch the mold,
His head a prysoner, in a Iayle of gold.

In numbring of his subiects, numbring care,
And when the people doe with shouts begin,
Then let him thinke theyr onely prayers are,
That he may scape the danger he is in,
The multitude, be multitudes of sin,
And hee which first doth say, God saue the King,
Hee is the first doth newes of sorrow bring.

His

Mortimeriados.

His Commons ill shall be his priuate ill,

His priuate good is onely publique care,

His will must onely be as others will:

Himselfe not as he is, as others are,

By Fortune dar'd to more then Fortune dare:

And he which may commaund an Empery,

Yet can he not intreat his liberty.

Appeasing tumults, hate cannot appease,

Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries,

Displeasing to himselfe, others to please,

Obe'y'd as much as he shall tyrannize,

Feare forcing friends, enforcing Enemies:

And when hee sitteth vnder his estate,

His foote-stoole danger, and his chayre is hate.

He King alone, no King that once was one,

A King that was, vnto a King that is,

I am vnthron'd, and hee enioyes my throne,

Nor should I suffer that, nor hee doe this,

He takes from mee what yet is none of his;

Young *Edward* clymes, old *Edward* falleth downe,

King'd and vnking'd, he crown'd, farwell my crowne.

55H

M. 3.

Princes

Mortimeriados.

Princes be Fortunes chylidren, and with them,
Shee deales, as Mothers vse theyr babes to still,
Vnto her darling giues a Diadem,
A pretty toy, his humor to fulfill;

And when a little they haue had theyr will,
Looke what shee gaue, shee taketh at her pleasure,
Vsing the rod when they are out of measure.

But policie, who still in hate did lurke,
And yet suspecteth *Edward* is not sure,
Vvaying what blood with *Leicester* might worke,
Or else what friends his name might yet procure;

A guilty conscience neuer is secure,
From *Leisters* keeping cause him to be taken;
Alas poore *Edward*, now of all forsaken,

To *Gurney* and *Matravers* he is giuen,
O let theyr act be odious to all ears,
And beeing spoke, stirre clowdes to douer heauen,
And be the badge the wretched murtherer bears,

The wicked oath whereby the damned swears:
But *Edward*, in thy hell thou must content thee,
There be the devils which must still torment thee,
Hec

Mortimeriados.

Hee on a leane illfaured beast is set,

Death vpon Famine moralizing right;

His cheeks with tears, his head with raigne bewet,

Nights very picture, wandring still by night;

VWhen he would sleep, like dreams they him affright;

His foode torment, his drinke a poysoned bayne,

No other comfort but in deadly paine.

And yet because they feare to haue him knowne,

They shaue away his princely tressed hayre,

And now become not worth a hayre of owne,

Body and fortune now be equall bare;

Thus voyde of wealth, o were he voyde of care.

Bur o, our ioyes are shadowes, and deceaue vs,

But cares, euen to our deaths doe neuer leaue vs.

A filly Mole-hill is his kingly chayre,

VWith puddle water must he now be drest,

And his perfume, the lothsome fenny ayre,

An yron skull, a Bason fitting best,

A bloody workman, suting with the rest;

His lothed eyes, within thys filthy glas,

Truly behold how much deform'd hee was.

The

Morimeriados.

The drops which from his eyes abundance fall,
A poole of tears still rising by this rayne;
Euen fighting with the water, and withall,
A circled compasse makes it to retaine,
Billow'd with sighes, like to a little maine;
VVater with tears, contending whether should
Make water warme, or make the warme tears cold.

Vile Traytors, hold of your vnhalowed hands,
The cruellst beast the Lyons presence fears,
And can you keepe your Soueraigne then in bands?
How can your eyes behold th'anoyned's tears?

Are not your harts euen pearced through your ears?
The minde is free, what ere afflict the man,
A King's a King, doe Fortune what shee can.

VWho's he can take what God himselfe hath giuen?
Or spill that life his holy spirit infused?
All powers be subiect to the powers of heauen,
Nor wrongs passe vnreteng'd, although excused.

VVeepe Maiestie to see thy selfe abused,
O whether shall authoritie be take,
VVhen shee herselfe, herselfe doth so forsake.
A

Mortimeriads.

A wreath of hay they on his temples bind,
VVhich when he felt, (tears would not let him see,)
Nature (quoth he) now art thou onely kind,
Thou giu'st, but Fortune taketh all from mee;

I now perceauce, that were it not for thee:
I should want vyater, clothing for my brayne,
But earth giues hay, and mine eyes giue me rayne.

My selfe deform'd, lyke my deformed state,
My person made like to mine infamie,
Altring my fauour, could you alter fate,
And blotting beautie, blot my memorie,

You might flye slaunder, I indignitie:
My golden Crowne, tooke golden rule away,
A Crowne of hay, well sutes a King of hay,

Yet greeu'd agayne, on nature doth complayne,
Nature (sayth he) o thou art iust in all,
VVhy should'st thou then, thus strengthen me agayne,
To suffer things so much vnnaturall?

Except thou be partaker in my fall:
And when at once so many mischiefes meete,
Mak'st poyson nurement, and bitter sweete.

Montimeriados.

And now he thinks he wrongeth Fortune much,
VVho giueth him this great preheminence,
For since by fate his myseries be such,
Her worser name hath taught him patience,

For no offence; he taketh as offence:
Croft on his back, and crolles in the brest,
Thus is he croft, who neuer yet was blest.

To *Berckley* thus they lead this wretched King,
The place of horror which they had fore-thought;
O heauens why suffer you so vile a thing,
And can behold, this murder to be wrought,

But that your wayes are all with iudgement fraught:
Now entrest thou, poore *Edward* to thy hell,
Take thy leaue, and bid the world farewell.

O *Berckley*, thou which hast beene famous long,
Still let thy walls shrecke out a deadly sound,
And still complayne thee of thy greuous wrong,
Preferue the figure of King *Edward's* wound,

And keepe their wretched footsteps on the ground:
That yet some power againe may giue them breath,
And thou againe mayst curse them both to death.

The

Mortimeriados.

The croking Ravens hideous voyce he hears,
VVhich through the Castell sounds with deadly yells,
Imprinting strange imaginarie fears,
The heauie Ecchoes lyke to passing bells,
Chyming far off his dolefull burying knells:

The iargging Casements which the fierce wind dryues,
Puts him in mind of fetters, chaynes, and gyues.

By silent night, the vgly shrieking Owles,
Lyke dreadfull Spirits with terror doe torment him,
The enuious dogge, angry with darcknes howles,
Lyke messengers from damned ghosts were sent him,

Or with hells noysome terror to present him:

Vnder his roofe the buzzing night-Crow sings,
Clapping his windowe with her fatall wings.

Death still prefigur'd in his fearefull dreames,
Of raging Feinds, and Goblins that he meets,
Of falling downe from steepe rocks into streames
Of Toombs, of Graues, of Pits, of winding sheets,

Of strange temptations and seducing sprits:
And with his cry awak'd, calling for ayde,
His hollowe voyce doth make him selfe afraid.

Mortimeriados.

Oft in his sleepe he sees the Queene to flye him,
Sterne *Mortimer* pursue him with his sword,
His Sonne in sight, yet dares he not come nigh him,
To whom he calls, who answereth not a word,

And lyke a monster wondred and abhord:

VVidowes and Orphans following him with cries,
Stabbing his hart, and scratching out his eyes.

Next comes the vision of his bloody raigne,
Masking along with *Lancasters* sterne ghost,
Of eight and twentie Barons hang'd and slayne,
Attended with the full mangled host,

At *Burton* and at *Borlough* battell lost:

Threatning with frownes, and trembling every lim,
VVith thousand thousand curses cursing him.

And if it chauce that from the troubled skyes,
Some little brightnes through the chinks gine light,
Straight waies on heaps the thrunging clouds doe rise,
As though the heauen were angry with the night.

Deformed shadowes glimpsing in his sight:

Astthough darcknes, for the more darcke would bee,
Through these poore Crannells forc'd her selfe to see.

VVithin

Mortimeriados.

VVithin a deepe vault vnder where he lay,
Vnder buried filthie carcases they keepe,
Because the thicke walls hearing kept away,
His feeling feeble, feeling ceas'd in sleepe,

This lothsome stinck comes from this dungeon deepe,
As though before they fully did decree,
No one sence should from punishment be free.

Hee haps our English Chronicle to find,
On which to passe the howers he falls to reed,
For minuts yet to recreate his mind,
If any thought one vnclear'd thought might feed,

But in his breast new conflicts this doth breed:
For when sorrowe, is seated in the eyes,
VVhat ere we see, increaseth miseries.

Opening the Booke, he chaunced first of all
On conquering *William's* glorious comming in,
The Normans rising, and the Bryttains fall,
Noting the plague ordayn'd for *Harold's* linne,

How much, in how short time this Duke did winne;
Great Lord (quoth hee) thy conquests plac'd thy throne,
I to mine owne, haue basely lost mine owne.

Mortimeriados.

Then comes to *Rufus* a lasciuious King,

VVhose lawlesse rule on that which he enioy'd,

A sodaine end vnto his dayes doth bring,

Himselfe destroy'd in that which he destroy'd,

None moane his death, whose lyfe had all anoy'd:

Rufus (quoth he) thy fault far lesse then mine,

Needs must my plague be far exceeding thine.

To famous *Bewclurke* studiously he turnes,

VVho from Duke *Robert* doth the scepter wrest,

VVhose eyes put out, in flintie *Cardiffe* mornes,

In *Palestine* who bare his conquering crest,

VVho though of Realmes, of fame not dispossest:

In all afflictions this may comfort thee,

Onely my shame in death remaines (quoth hee.)

Then comes he next to *Stephens* troublous state,

Plagu'd with the Empresse in continuall warre,

Yet with what patience he could beare his hate,

And lyke a wise man rule his angry starre,

Stopping the wheele of Fortunes giddie carre:

O thus (quoth he) had gracelesse *Edward* done,

He had not now beene Subiect to his Sonne.

Robert
Short-thigh
Duke of Normandy.

Then

14

Then

Mortimeriados.

Then to *Henry Plantagine* he goes,
Two Kings at once, two Crown'd at once doth find,
The roote from whence to many mischiefs rose,
The Fathers kindnes makes the Sonne vnkind,

Th'ambitious Brothers to debate inclin'd:
Thou crown'd st thy Sonne, yet liuing still do'st raigne,
Mine vncrownes me (quoth he) yet am I flaine.

Then of couragious Lyon-hart he reeds,
The Souldans terror, and the Pagans wrack,
The Easterne world filld with his glorious deeds,
Of *Ioppas* siege, of *Cipres* wofull sack,

Richard (quoth hee) turning his dull eyes back:
Thou did'st in height of thy felicitie,
Lin the depth of all my miserie.

Then by degrees to sacriligious *John*,
Murthering young *Arthur*, hath vsurp'd his right,
The Cleargies curse, the poors oppression,
The greuous crosses that on him did light,

To Rooms proud yoke yeelding his awfull might:
Euen by thy end (he sayth) now *John* I see,
Gods indgements thus doe iustly fall on mee.

Then

Mortimeriados

Then, to long-raigning *Winchester* his Sonne,
VVith whom his people bloody vvarre did wage,
And of the troubles in his time begunne,
The head-strong Barrons wrath, the Commons rage,
And yet how he these tumults could aswage:
Thou liuest long, (quoth he) longer thy name,
And I dye soone, yet ouer-line my fame,

Then to great *Longshanks* mighty victories,
VVho in the Orcads fix'd his Countries mears,
And dar'd in fight our sayths proud Enemies,
VVhich to his name eternall Trophies rears,
VVhose gracefull fauors yet faire England wears:
Bee't deadly sinne (quoth he) once to defile,
This Fathers name with me a Sonne so vile,

Following the lease, he findeth vnawares,
VVhat day young *Edward* Prince of *Wales* was borne,
VVhich Letters seeme lyke Magick Charrecters,
Or to dispight him they were made in scorne,
O let that name (quoth he) from Books be torne:
Least that in time, the very greued earth,
Doe curse my Mothers wombe, and ban my birth,

Say

Mortimeriados.

Say that King *Edward* neuer had such child,
Or was deuour'd as hee in cradle lay,
Be all men from my place of birth exil'd;
Let it be sunck, or swallowed with some sea,
Let course of yeeres deuoure that dismall day,
Let all be doone that power can bring to passe,
Onely be it forgot that ere I was.

The globy tears impearled in his eyes,
Through which as glasses hee is forc'd to looke,
Make letters seeme as circles which arise,
Forc'd by a stone within a standing Brooke,
And at one time, so diuers formes they tooke,
VWhich like to vglie Monsters doe affright,
And with their shapes doe terrifie his sight.

Thus on his carefull Cabin falling downe,
Enter the Actors of his tragedy,
Opening the doores, which made a hollow sounne,
As they had howl'd against their crueltie,
Or of his paine as they would prophecie;
To whom as one which died before his death,
He yet complaynes, whilst paine might lend him breath.

Mortimeriados.

O be not Authors of so vile an act,
To bring my blood on your posteritie;
That Babes euen yet vnborne doe curse the fact,
I am a King, though King of miserie,

I am your King, though wanting Maiestie:
But he who is the cause of all this teene,
Is cruell *March* the Champion of the Queene.

He hath my Crowne, he hath my Sonne, my wyfe,
And in my throne triumpheth in my fall,
Is't not inough but he will haue my lyfe?
But more, I feare that yet this is not all,

I thinke my soule to iudgement he will call:
And in my death his rage yet shall not dyc,
But persecute me so, immortallic.

And for you deadly hate me, let me liue,
For that aduantage angrie heauen hath left,
Fortune hath taken all that she did giue,
Yet that reuenge should not be quite bereft,

Shee leaues behind this remnant of her theft:
That miserie should find that onely I,
Am more wretched then is miserie.

Betweene

Mortimer's death.

Betwixt two beds these death fraught bedd him;
Thus done, uncovering of his secret part,
VVhen for his death they fitly had disposd him,
VVith burning yron thrust him to the hart.

O payne beyond all paine, how much thou art!
VVhich words, as words, may verbally confesse,
But neuer pen precisely could expresse.

O let his tears even freezing as they light,
By the impression of his monstrous payne,
Still keepe this odious spectacle in sight,
And shew the manner how the King was slaine.

That it with ages may be new againe,
That all may thither come that haue bene told it,
And in that mirror of his griefes behold it.

Still let the building sigh his bitter groans,
And with a hollow cry his woe repeate,
That sencelesse things even mouing sencelesse stones,
VVith agonizing horror still may feele his death.

And as conuulsing in their furious heat,
Like boyling Caldrons be the drops like fallous oil
Even as the blood for vengeance fall downe.

Martimeriad

O let the full dreame of this place,
Still haunt the pryson where his life was lost,
And with torne hayre, and swolne lacerated face,
Become the guide to his reuengefull ghost,
And night and day still let them walke the Coast
And with moost lament howling terme,
Or mooue with pittie all that trauell by.

TRue vertuous Lady, now of mine I sing,
To sharpen thy sweet spirit with some delight,
And somewhat slacke this melancholie string,
Vvhilst I of loue and triumphs must indite,
Too soone agast my passion must I write,
Of Englands wonder, now I come to tell,
How *Martimer* fell, when *Edward* fell
Downe lesser lights, the glorious light
His ioyfull rising is the worlds pride
Now he hath leapt the wings of time
And with the ryder forward
Good fortune
VWho haue

Mortimer's.

The pompous mode of these earthly Gods,
At *Salisbury*, appointed by their King,
To set all even which had been odds,
And into fashion, their designs to bring,
That peace might now from their proceedings spring,
And to establish what they had begun,
Vnder whose cullour mighty things were done.

Heere *Mortimer* is Earle of *Warwick*,
Thys honor added to his Baronie,
And vnto fame heere is he consecrated,
That titles might his greatness dignifie,
As for the rest, he easily could supply,
VWho knew a kingdom to her lap was throwne,
VWhich hauing all, would neuer stanch her owne.

A pleasing calme hath smoothen'd the troubled sea,
The prime brought on with gentle falling showers,
The misty breake yet proues a goodly day observed,
And on their heads since heauen her largesse powred,
That's onely ours, which was our owne origin,
Pleasures be poore, and our delight be dead,
VWhen as a man doth not enjoy the head.

O

Mortimeriades.

Time wanting sound, still winter in certainty,
Of dangers past, in peace was loud to hear,
Short is the date of all extremity,
Long wished things a sweet delight doth beare,
Better forgoe our ioyes then still to feare:
Fortune her gifts in vaine to such doth giue,
As when they liue, seeme as they did not liue.

Now stand they like the two starre-fixed Poles,
Berwixt the which the circling Spheres doe moue,
About whose Axes earths fayre Globe doleue,
VWhich that great Moouer by his strength doth shoue,
Yet every poynr still ending in theyr loue,
For might is made absolute loue,
VWhen of two powers there's true coniunction.

The King must take, what by theyr power they giue,
And they protect what feares for theyr protection,
They teach to rule, whilst he doth leane to liue,
T whom all be subiect, liue in theyr subiection,
Though borne to rule, yet crown'd by their election,
Th' allegiance which to Edward doth belong,
Doth make their feilds absolutely strong.

Mortimeriados.

Twelue guide the King, his power theyr powers consist,
Peers guide the King, they guide both King and Peers,
Ill can the Brooke his owne selfe-streame resist,
Theyr aged counsell, to his younger yeeres,
Young *Edward* vowes, and all the while he fleers,
VVel might we think the man were more then blind,
VVhich wanted Sea roomth, and could rule the wind.

In lending strength, theyr strength they still retaine,
Building his force, theyr owne they so repare,
Vnder his raigne, in safety they doe raigne,
They giue a kingdome, and doe keepe the care,
They who aduenture, must the booty share,
A Princes wealth in spending still doth spred,
Liketo a Poole with many fountaines fed.

They sit at ease, though he sit in the throne,
He shaddowes them who his supporters be,
And in diuision they be two for one,
An Empyre now must thus be rul'd by three,

VVhat they make free, they challenge to be free;
The King enioyeth, but what they lately gaue,
They priuiledg'd to spend, leaue him to saue.

Mortimeriados.

Mortimer
nine-score
Knights in
his retinue.

Nine-score braue Knights belonging to his Court

At *Nottingham*, which all the Coast commands,

All parts pay tribute, honor to his port,

Much may he doe which hath so many hands,

This rocke-built Castell, ouer-looks the Lands:

Thus lyke a Gyant, still towards heauen doth ryse,

And sayne would cast the Rocks against the skyes.

Where ere he goes there pompe in triumph goes,

Ouer his head Fame foring still doth flye,

Th'earth in his presence decks her selfe in shewes,

And glory sits in greatest Maiestie,

Aboundance there doth still in Child-bed lye:

For where Fortune her bountie will bestowe,

There heauen and earth must pay what she doth owe.

In *Nottingham*, the Norths great glorious eye,

Crowne of the beauteous branch embellish'd foyle,

The throne emperiall of his Emperie,

His resting place, releuer of his toyle,

Here he enioyes his neuer-prized spoyle:

There lyuing in a world of all delights,

Beheld of all, and hauing all in sight.

Here

Mortimeriados.

Heere clyffy *Cynthus*, with a thousand byrds,
VVhose checkerd plumes adorne his tufted crowne,
Vnder whose shadow graze the stragling heards,
Out of whose top, the fresh springs trembling downe,
Duly keepe time with theyr harmonious sowne.
The Rock so liuely done in euery part,
As arte had so taught nature, nature arte.

The naked Nymphes, some vp, some downe discending,
Small scattering flowers one at another flung,
VVith pretty turns their lymber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprong,
VVhich on the Rocks grewe heere and there among.
Some combe theyr hayre, some making garlands by,
As liuing, they had done it actually.

And for a trayle, *Caisters* siluer Lake,
VVhose heards of Swanns sit pruning on a row,
By their much whitenes, such reflection make,
As though in Sommer had been false a snow,
VVhose streame an easie breath doth seeme to blowe,
VVhich on the sparkling grauell runns in purles,
As though the waues had been of siluer curles.

Mortimeriados.

Here falls proude *Phaeton*, tumbling through the clowds,
The sunny Palfreys haue their traces broke,
And setting fire vpon the welked shrowds,
Now through the heauen flye gadding from the yoke,
The Sphears all reeking with a mistie smoke,
Drawne with such life, as some did much desire
To warme themselves, some frighted with the fire.

And Drencht in *Po*, the Riuer seemes to burne,
His wofull sisters, mourning there he sees,
Trees vnto women seeme themselves to turne,
Or rather women turned into trees,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fall from their eyes,
That fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Eyther or neyther, and yet both the same.

A stately Bed vnder a golden tree,
VVhose broad-leau'd branches covering ouer all,
Spread their large Armes like to a Canapy,
Dubbling themselves in their lasciuious fall,
Vpon whose top the flying *Capids* spraule,
And some, at sundry cullored byrds doe shute,
Some swaruing vp to get the golden fruite.

Mortimeriados.

A counterpoynt of Tyssue, rarely wrought,
Like to *Arachne*'s web, of the Gods rape,
VVhich with his lifes strange history is wrought,
The very manner of his hard escape,

From poynt to poynt, each thing in perfect shape,
As made the gazers thinke it there was done,
And yet time stayd in which it was begun.

During thys calme, is gather'd that black showre,
VVhose vglie clowde the clyme had ouer-spred,
And now drawes on that long death-dating howre,
His farall starre now hangeth o're his head,

His fortunes sunne downe towards the euening fled,
For when we thinke we most in safety stand,
Great'st dangers then are euer near'st at hand.

And *Edward* sees no meanes can euer boote,
Vnlesse thys head-strong course he may restraine,
And must pluck vp these mischiefs by the roote,
Els spred so farre, might easely grow againe,

And end theyr raigne, if he doe meane to raigne;
The Common-weale to cure, brought to that passe,
VVhich like a many-headed Monster was.

Mortimeriados.

But sith he finds the danger to be such,
To bring this Beare once bayted to the flake,
And that he fees the forwardest to gruch,
To take in hand this sleeping dog to wake,
He must fore-think of some such course to take,
By which he might his purpose thus effect,
And hurt him most, where he might least suspect.

A trenched vault deepe in the earth is found,
VVhose hollownes, like to the Sleep-gods Cell,
VVith strange Meanders turneth vnder ground,
VVhere pitchy darknes euer-more dorth dwell,
As well might be an entrance into hell.
VVhich Archyteckts, to serue the Castell made,
VVhen as the Dane with warrs did all invade.

Heere silent night, as in a pryson shrowded,
VVandreth about within thys mazed roome,
VVith filthy fogs, and earthly vapors clowded,
As shee were buried in this cliffy toombe,
Or yet vnborne within the earths great woombe.
A dampy breath comes from the moysted vaines,
As shee had sigh'd through trouble in her paines.

Now

Mortimeriados.

Now on a long this cranckling path doth keepe,
Then by a rock turnes vp another way,
Then rising vp, shee poynteth towards the deepe,
As the ground leuell, or vnleuell lay,
Nor in his course keeps any certaine stay,
Till in the Castell in a secret place,
He suddainly vnmaske his duskie face.

The King now with a strong selected crue,
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
And well affected to thys action knew,
Nor in reuenge of *Edward* neuer fainted,
VVhose loyall fayth had neuer yet beene tainted,
This Labyrinth determinsto assay,
To rouze the beast which kept him thus at bay.

The blushing Sunne, plucks in his smyling beames,
Making his steeds to mend theyr wonted pace,
Till plunging downe into the Ocean streames,
There in the frothy waues he hides his face,

Then reynes them in, more then his vsuall space,
And leaues foule darknes to possesse the skyes,
A time most fit for fouler tragedies.

Mortimeriados.

VVith Torchés now they enter on his Caue,
As night were day, and day were turnd to night;
Damp'd with the foyle one to the other gaue,
Light hating darknes, darknes hating light,
As enemies, each with the other fight;
And each confounding other, both appeare,
As darknes light, and light but darknes were;

The craggy cleenes, which crosse them as they goe,
Seeme as their passage they would haue denied,
And threatning them, their iourney to for-slowe,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
Cursing the hand vvhich did them first deuide,
Theyr combrous falls and risings seem'd to say,
Thys wicked action could not brooke the day.

These gloomy Lamps, by which they on were led,
Making theyr shaddowes follow at theyr back,
VVhich like to Mourners, waite vpon the dead,
And as the deed, so are they vgly black,
Like to the dreadfull Images of wrack;
These poore dym-burning lights, as all amazed,
As those deformed shades whercon they gazed.

Fin VV

Theyr

Mortimeriados.

Theyr clattering Armes, their Masters seeme to chyde,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And striking with the poynts from side to side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
VVhose stony roose lock'd in their dolefull sound:
And hanging in the creeks, draw backe againe,
As vvilling them from murther to refraine.

Novv, after masks and gallant reuelings,
The Queene vnto the Chamber is with-drawne,
To vvhom a cleer-voyc'd Eunuch playes and sings,
And vnderneath a Canapy of Lawne,
Sparkling with pearle, like to the cheerfull dawne,
Leaning vpon the breast of *Mortimer*,
VVhose voice more then the musick pleas'd her care.

A smock wrought with the purest Affrick silke,
A worke so fine, as might all worke refine,
Her breast like strains of violets in milk,
O be thou hence-forth Beauties liuing shrine,
And teach things mortall to be most diuine
Enclose Loue in thys Labyrinth about,
VVhere let him wander still, yet ne're get out.
Her

Mortimeriados.

Her golden hayre, ah gold, thou art too base,
VVere it not sinne but once to name it hayre,
Falling as it would kisse her fairer face,
But no word fayre enough for thing so fayre,

Inuention is too bare, to paynt her bare;
But where the pen fayles, Penfill cannot show it,
Nor can be knowne, vnlesse the minde doe knowe it.

Shee layes those fingers on his manly cheeke,
The Gods pure scepters, and the darts of loue,
VVhich with onetuch might make a Tyger mecke,
Or might an *Atlas* easely remoue:

That lilly hand, rich Natures wedding gloue,
VVhich might beget life where was neuer none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood, the lightes perfume,
VVhose perfect cleernes, on the painting shone,
As euery thing with sweetnes would consume,
And euery thing had sweetnes of his owne,

The smell where-with they liu'd, & alwaies growne,
That light gaue cullour on each thing it fell,
And to that cullour, the perfume gaue smell.

Vpon

Mortimeriados.

Vpon the sundry pictures they deuise,
And from one thing they to an other runne,
Now they commend that body, then those eyes,
How well that byrd, how well that flower was done,

The liuely counterfetting of that sunne:
The cullors, the conceits, the shadowings,
And in that Arte a thousand sundrie things.

Looking vpon proud *Phaeton* wrapd in fier,
The gentle *Queene* doth much bewaile his fall,
But *Mortimer* more praying his desier,
To loose his lyfe or else to gouerne all:

And though (quoth he) he now be *Fortunes* thrall,
This must be sayd of him when all is done,
Hee perrish'd in the Chariot of the Sunne.

Glaunfing vpon *Ixion*, shee doth smile,
VWho for his *Iune* tooke the cloud amisse;
Madam (quoth hee) thus women can beguile,
And oft we find in loue, this error is,

VWhy friend (quoth shee) thy hap is lyke to his:
That booteth not (quoth he) were he as I,
Ione would haue beene in monstrous ieaiousie.
R. (Shee

Mortimeriados.

(Shee sayth) *Phabus* is too much forc'd by Art,

Nor can shee find how his imbraces bee:

But *Mortimer* now takes the Paynters part,

Tis euen thus great Empreſſe, ſo (quoth hee)

Thus twyne their armes, and thus their lips you ſee:

You *Phabus* are, poore *Hiaſintbus* I,

Kiſſe mee till I reuiue, and now I die.

By this into the vttermoſt ſtately hall,

Is rudely entred this diſordred rout,

And they within ſuſpecting leaſt of all,

Prouide no guard to watch on them without,

Thus danger falls oft-times, when leaſt we doubt:

In perrill thus we thinke our ſelues moſt ſure,

And oft in death fond men are moſt ſecure.

His truſtie *Newill*, and young *Turrington*,

Courting the Ladies, frolick voyd of feare;

Staying delights whiſt time away doth runne,

What rare Empreſas hee and he did beare,

Thus in the Lobby whiſt they ſporting weare:

Aſſayld on ſudaine by this helliſh trayne,

Both in the entrance miſerably ſlayne.

Euen

Mortimeriados.

Euen as from snow-topd *Skides* frostie cleeges,
Some Norway Haggard, to her pitch doth tower,
And downe amongst the moore-bred Mallard driues,
And through the aire, right down the wind doth scower,
Commaunding all that lye within her power:

Euen such a skreame is hard within the vault,
Made by the Ladies at the first assault.

March hath no armes, but the Queene in his armes,
To fayre a sheeld to beare their fouler blowes,
Enchayning his strong armes, in her sweet armes,
Inclosing them which oft did her inclose,

O had he had but weapons lyke his woes:
Her presence had redoubled then his might,
To lyue and dye both in his soueraigns sight.

Villains (quoth hee) I doe protect the King,
VVhy Centaure-lyke doe you disturbe me this,
And interrupt the Gods at banquetting,
VVhere sacred *Himen* euer present is,
And pleasures are imparadizd in blis:

VVhere all they powers, their earthly heauen would take,
If heere on earth they their abode should make.

ftbad Q

R 2

Her

Mortimeriados.

Her presence pardons the offenders ill,
And makes the basest earthly thing diuine,
Ther's no decree can countermaund her will,
Shee like the Sunne, doth blesse where she doth shine,

Her Chamber is the most vnspotted shrine:
How sacriligiouſly dare you despise,
And thus prophane these halowed liberties.

But *Edward*, if this enterprize be thine,
And thou an Actor heere do'st play thy part,
I tell thee then base King thy Crowne was mine,
And thou a King but of my making art.

And now poore worrne since thou hast taken hart,
Thou would'st hew downe that pillar vnto wrack,
VVhich hath sustaynd *Olimpus* on his back.

VVhat can he doe, that is so hard beset?
The heauen-threatening Gyants, heauen could tame,
Proud *Mars* is bound within an yron net,
Alcides burnt in *Nessus* poyſned flame,

Great *Ioue* can shake the vniuersall frame:
He that was wont to call his sword to ayde,
Tis hard with him, when he must stand to plead.

O hadst

Mortimeriados.

O hadst thou in thy glory thus beene slayne,
All thy delights had beene of easie rate,
But now thy fame yet neuer tuch'd with stayne,
Must thus be branded with thy haplesse fate,

No man is happie till his lyfes last date:
His pleasures must be of a dearer price,
Poore *Adam* driven out of *Paradice*.

Halfe drownd in tears, she followes him: o tears,
Elixar like, turne all to pearle you weete,
To weepe with her, the building scarce forbears,
Stones Metamorphizd tuch'd but with her feete,

And make the ayre for euerlasting sweet:
VVringing her hands with pittious shrieking cries,
Thus vtters shee her hard extremities:

Edward (quoth shee) let not his blood be shed,
Each drop of it is more worth then thy Crowne,
VVhat Region is in *Europe* limited,
VVhere doth not shine, the Sunne of his renowne?

His sword hath set Kings vp, & thrown them downe:
Thou knowst that Empires neuer haue confind,
The large-spred bounds of his vnconquer'd mind:
And

Mortimeriados.

And if thou feed'st upon thy Fathers wrongs,
Make not reuenge, to bring reuenge on thee,
VVhat torture thou inflict'st, to me belongs,
And what is due to death, is due to mee,

Imagine that his wounds fresh bleeding bee:
Forget thy birth, thy crowne, thy loue, thy Mother,
And in this breast thy sword in vengeance smother.

O let my hands held vp appease this stryfe,
O let these knees at which thou oft hast stood;
Now kneele to thee, to beg my lyues true lyfe,
This wombe that bare thee, breast that gaue thee food,

Or let my blood yet purchase his deere blood:
O let my tears which neuer thing could force;
Constraynd by this, yet moue thee to remorse.

But all in vaine, still Edward's ghost appears
And cries reuenge, reuenge, vnto his Sonne,
And now the voyce of wofull Kent hee hears,
And bids him followe whache he had begun,
Nor will they rest till execution done
The very sight of him he deadly hated,
Sharpenis the edge, his Mother's tears rebated.

Mortimeriados.

To London now a wofull prisoner led,
London where he had triumph'd with the Queene,
He followeth now, whom many followed,
And scarce a man, who many men had beene,

Seeing with greefe who had in pompe been scene:
Those eyes which oft haue at his greatnes gazed,
Now at his fall must stand as all amazed.

Oh misery, where once thou art possesst,
How soone thy faynt infection alters kind,
And lyke a *Cyrce* turnest man to beast,
And with the body do'st transforme the mind,

That can in fetters our affections bind:
That he whose back once bare the Lyons skin,
VVhipt to his taske, with *Iole* must spin.

Edward and *March* vnte your angry spirits,
Become new friends of auncient Enemies,
Hee was thy death, and he thy death inherits,
How well you consort in your miseries,

And in true time tune your aduersities:
Fortune gaue him, what shee to *Edward* gaue,
Not so much as thy end but he will haue.

As

Mortimeriados.

At Westminster a Parliament decreed,
Vnder pretence of safene to the Crowne,
VWhere to his fatall end they now proceed,
All working hard to dig this Mountayne downe,
YWith his owne greatnes that is ouer-growne:
The King, the Earle of Kent, the *Spensers* fall,
Vpon his head with vengeance thundring all.

The five Ar-
ticles where-
upon Mortimer
is con-
demned.

The death of *Edward* neuer is forgot,
The signe at *Stanhope* to the Enemies,
Ione of the Towers marriage to the *Scots*,
The *Spensers* coyne seiz'd to his treasures,
Th'assuming of the wards and Lyueries:
These Articles they vrge which might him greue,
VWhich for his creed, he neuer did beleue.

Oh dire reuenge, when thou in time art rak'd
From out the ashes which preserve thee long,
And lightly from thy cinders art awak'd,
Fuell to feed on, and reuin'd with wrong,
How soone from sparks the greatest flames are sprong:
VWhich doth by Nature to his top aspire,
VWhose massie greatnes once kept downe his fier,

Debar'd

Mortimeriados.

Debar'd from speech to answer in his case,
His iudgment publique, and his sentence past,
The day of death set downe, the time, and place,
And thus the lot of all his fortune cast,
His hope so slowe, his end draw on so fast:
VVith pen and ynke, his drooping spirit to wake,
Now of the Queene his leaue he thus doth take.

Most mighty Emperre, daine thou to peruse
These Swan-like Dirges of a dying man:
Not like those Sonnets of my youthfull Muse,
In that sweet season when our loue began,
VVhen at the Tykt thy princely gloue I wane
VVhereas my thundring Courser forward set,
Made fire to flie from Harfords Burgonet.
Thys King which thus makes hast vnto my death,
Madam, you know, I lou'd him as mine owne,
And when I might haue grasped out his breath,
I set him easely in his Fathers throne,
And forc'd the rough stormes backe when they came
But these forgot, & all the rest forgioen,
Our thoughts must be continually on heauen.

S.

And

Mortimeriados.

And for the Crowne whereon so much he stands,
Came bastard *William* but himselfe on shore,
Or had he not our Fathers conquering hands,
VVhich in the field our houses Ensigne bore,
VVhich his proude Lyons for theyr safety wore,
VVhich rag'd at *Hastings* like that furious Lake,
From whose sterne waues our glorious name we take?

Oh had he charg'd me mounted on that horse **M**
VVhereon I march'd before the walls of *Ghent*,
And with my Launce there shewd an English force,
Or vanquisht me, a valiant combattant,
Then of his conquest had he cause to vaunt;
But he whose eyes durst not behold my shield,
Perceiu'd my Chamber fitter then the field.

I haue not serued Fortune like a slaue,
My minde hath suted with her mightines,
I haue not hid her tallent in a graue,
Nor burying of her bounty made it lesse:
My fault to God and heauen I must confesse,
He twise offends, who sinne in flattery beares,
Yet euery howe he dyes, which euer feares.

Mortimeriados.

I cannot quake at that which others feare,
Fortune and I haue tugg'd together so;
VVhat Fate imposeth, we perforce must beare,
And I am growne familiar with my vvoe,
Vsed so oft against the streame to row;
Yet my offence my conscience still doth grieue,
VVhich God (I trust) in mercy will forgiue.

I am shut vp in silence, nor must speake,
Nor Kingdoms lease my life, but I must die,
I cannot weepe and if my hart should breake,
Nor am I sencelesse of my misery,

My hart so full, hath made mine eyes so dry;
I neede not cherrish griefes, too fast they grow,
VVoe be to him that dies of his owne woe.

I pay my life, and then the debt is payd,
VVith the reward, th'offence is purg'd and gone,
The stormes will calme when once the spirit is layd;
Enuy doth cease, wanting to feede vpon,

VVe haue one life, and so our death is one,
Nor in the dust mine honor I inter,
Thus *Cesar* dyed, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

Monimriados.

Live sacred Empreffe, and see happie dayes,
Be ever lou'd, with medleall our hate,
Let neuer ages sing but of thy praise,
My blood shall pacifie the angry Fate,

And cancell thus our sorrowes long-liv'd date:
And treble ten times longer last thy fame,
Then that strong Tower thou calledst by my name.

To *Nottingham* this Letter brought ynto her,
Which is endorsed with her glorious stile,
Shee thinks the field yet againe doth wooe her,
And with that thought her sorrowes doth beguile.

Smyling on that, thinks that on her doth smyle,
Shee kissing it, (to counteruaile her paine,)
Tuching her lip, it gives the kisse againe.

Faire workmanship, quoth she, of that faire hand,
All-mooving organ, sweet sphere-tuning key,
The Messenger of *Jasus* sleep-charming wand,
Pully which draw'st the curaine of the Day,

Pure Trophies, read to guide on valurs way,
What paper-blessing Charters are you,
Whose louchy forme, that loudlier engine drew?

Turning

Mortimeriades.

Turning the Letter, seal'd shee doth it find,
VVith those rich Armes borne by his glorious name,
VVhere-with this dreadfull euidence is sign'd
O badge of honour, greatest marke of fame,
Braue shield, quoth she, which once frō heauen came,
Fayre robe of triumph, *Roses* celestiall state,
To all immortall prayes consecrate.

order
many
Going about to rip the sacred scale,
VVhich cleaues, least clowdes too soone should dim her
As loth it were her sorrowes to reueale,
Quoth shee, thy Maister taught thee secrecies:
The soft waxe, with her fingers such doth rise,
Shee asketh it, who taught thee thus to kisse?
I know, quoth she, thy Maister taught thee this?

Opening the Letter, Empreffe shee doth reed,
At which a blush from her faire cheekes arose,
And with Ambrozia still, her thoughts doth feed,
And with a seeming ioy doth paine her woe,

Then to subscribed *Mortimer* shee goes,
March following it, & *March*, great *March* shee dyes,
VVhich speaking word, euen seemingly replies.

Mortimeriados.

Thus hath shee ended, yet shee must begin,
Eucn as a fish playing with a bayted hooke,
Now shee begins to swallow sorrow in,
And Death doth shewe himselfe at euery looke,
Now reads shee in her liues accounting Booke:
And findes the blood of her lost friend had payd,
The deepe expenses which shee forth had layd.

Now with an host of wofull words assayl'd,
As euery letter wounded lyke a dart,
As euery one would boast, which most prouayl'd,
And euery one would pierce her to the hart,
Rethoricall in woe, and vsing Art
Reasons of greefe, each sentence doth infer,
And euery lyne, a true remembrance.

Greefe makes her read; yet greefe fill bids her leaue,
Ore-charg'd with greefe, she neither sees nor heares,
Her sorrowes doe her senses quite deceaue,
The words doe blind her eyes, the sound her eares;

And now for vesperes doth she vse her teares:
And when a lyne shee loosely ouer-past,
The drops doe tell her where shee lefe the last.

Mortimeriados.

O now she sees, was euer such a sight,
And seeing, curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,
And sayth, shee is deluded by the light,
Or is abus'd by the Orthography:

Or poynted false, her schollershyp to try,
Thus when we fondly sooth our owne desires,
Our best conceits doe prooue the greatest lyers,

Her trembling hand, as in a Feuer shakes,
VWherwith the paper doth a little stirre,
VWhich shee imagins, at her sorrow quakes,
And pitties it who shee thinks pitties her,

And moning it, bids it that greefe refer,
Quoth shee, Ile raine downe showers of tears on thee,
VWhen I am dead, weepe them againe on mee,

Quoth shee, with odors were thy body burned,
As is Th'arabian byrd against the sunne,
Againe from cynders yet thou should'st be turned,
And so thy life another age should runne,

Nature enuying it so soone was done,
Amongst all byrds, one onely of that straine,
Amongst all men, one Mortimer againe,

Mortimeriados

I will preserve thy ashes in some Vrine,
 VWhich as a relique, I will onely faue,
 VWhich mixed with my tears as I doe mourne,
 VWithin my stomack shall theyr buriall haue,
 Although deserving a farre better graue,
 Yet in that Temple shall they be preserved,
 VWhere, as a Saint thou euer hast been serued.

Be thou trans-form'd vnto some sacred tree,
 VWhose precious gum may cure the fainting hart,
 Or to some hearbe yet turned mayst thou be,
 VWhose iuyce apply'd may ease the strongest smart,
 Or flower, whose leaues thy vertues may impart,
 Or stilled on Paphos's lotic crost,
 Or shyning on the Nemes Lyons brest.

I thinke the Gods could take them mortall shap,
 As all the world may by thy greatnes gather,
 And Iob in some of his sight wamons shap,
 Committed pretty custage with thy father,

Or else thou wholly art celestiall rather,
 Els neuer couldst be, so great a minde,
 Could seated be, in any of earths kind,
 And

Martimeriados.

And if, as some affirme, in every starre,
There be a world, then must some world be thine,
Else shall thy ghost invade their bounds with warre,
If such can mannage armes as be deuine,

That here thou hadst no world, the fault was mine:
And gracelesse *Edward* kinling all this fier,
Trod in the dust of his vnhappy fier,

It was not *Charles* that made *Charles* what he was,
VVhereby he quickly to that greannes grew,
Nor strooke such terror which way he did passe,
Nor our olde Grand-fiers glory did renew,

But it thy valure was, which *Charles* well knew:
VVhich hath repulst his Enemies with feare,
VVhen they but heard the name of *Martimer*,

In Books and Armes consisted thy delight,
And thy discourse of Campes, and grounds of state,
No Apish fan-bearing Hermophradite,
Coch-carried midwyfe, weake, effeminate,

Quilted and rust, which manhood euer hates:
A *Cato* when in counsell thou didst sit,
A *Hercules* in executing it.

T.

Now

Mortimeriados.

Now shee begins to curse the King her Sonne,
The Earle of *March* then comes vnto her mind,
Then shee with blessing ends what shee begun,
And leaues the last part of the curse behind,

Then with a vowe shee her reuenge doth bind:
Vnto that vowe shee adds a little oth,
Thus blessing cursing, cursing blessing both.

For pen and inke shee calls her mayds without,
And *Edward*s dealing willing greefe discouer,
But straight forgetting what shee went about,
Shee now begins to write vnto her loue,

Yet interlyning *Edward*s threatnings ouer:
Then turning back to read what shee had writ,
Shee teyr the paper, and condemnes her wit.

Thus with the pangs out of this traunce aseyed,
As water some time wakeneth from a wound,
Comes to her selfe the agonie aseyed,
As when the blood is cold, we feele the wound,

And more, and more, sith shee the cause had found,
Thus vnto *Edward* with reuenge shee goes,
And hee must beare the burthen of her woes.

Mortimeriados.

I would my lap had beene some cruell Racke,
His Cradell *Phalaris* burning-bellyed Bull,
And *Nessus* shyrt beene put vpon his backe,
His Blanket of some *Nilus* Serpents wooll,

His Dug with iuice of Acconite beene full:
The song which luld him, when to sleepe he fell,
Some Incantation or some Magique spell,

And thus King *Edward* since thou art my Child,
Some thing of force to thee I must bequeath,
March of my harts true loue hath thee beguild,
My curse vnto thy bosome doe I breath,

And heere inuoke the wretched spirits beneath:
To see all things perform'd to my intent,
Make them ore-seers of my Testament.

And thus within these mighty walls inclos'd,
Euen as the Owles so hatefull of the light,
Vnto repentance euer more dispos'd,
Heere spend my dayes vntill my last dayes night;

And hence-forth odious vnto all mens sight,
Flye euery small remembrance of delight,
A penitentiall mournfull conuertite.

FINIS.